

Poetical Quotations

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HANDY DICTIONARY
OF
POETICAL QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY
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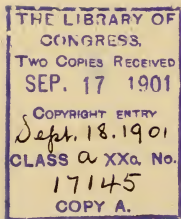
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PREFACE.

IT has been the aim of the compiler of this little book to present a Dictionary of Poetical Quotations which will be a ready reference to many of the most familiar stanzas and lines of the chief poets of the English language, with a few selections from Continental writers; and also some less familiar selections from more modern poets, which may in time become classic, or which at least have a contemporary interest. Readers of English literature are aware that the few great poets of our language have struck perhaps every chord of human sentiment capable of illustration in verse, and even these few have borrowed the ideas, and sometimes almost the exact words, of predecessors or contemporaries.

But often old ideas in a new dress are welcome to readers who might not have been attracted by the old forms; and each generation has its peculiar modes of expression if not its new lines of thought. It is hoped that this mingling of the old and the new will not be without interest. To carry out the plan of

making this a "handy" dictionary of quotations and, at the same time, as comprehensive as the space permitted, it has been necessary to confine the illustration of the topics selected to brief extracts from each author. Of course, in all books of quotations the great name of Shakespeare fills the largest space; and the compiler of this book, as well as all students of Shakespeare, is under obligation to the painstaking compilers of the concordances to this poet, and especially to Mr. Bartlett's monumental work. To many other compilers of quotations, especially to the *Poetical Quotations* of Anna L. Ward (published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.), the author is under obligations; while he has made an independent examination of the more recent poets, as well as many of the older ones. The topics illustrated number 2138, selected from the writings of 255 authors. The indexes, which will be found full and complete, were prepared by Mrs. Grace E. Powers, who has also rendered valuable assistance in preparing the copy for the press and in reading the proofs.

G. W. P.

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
July, 1901.

HANDY DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

A.

Abashed.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.

1 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 846.

Abbots.

To happy convents bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots purple as their wines.

2 POPE: *Dunciad*, Bk. iv., Line 301.

Abdication.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.

3 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Abdiel.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found;
Among the faithless, faithful only he.

4 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. v., Line 896.

Abuse.

Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant.
12 SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Accident.

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
13 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.
14 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Our wanton accidents take root, and grow
To vaunt themselves God's laws.
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saints' Tragedy*,
15 Act ii., Sc. 4.

By many a happy accident.
MIDDLETON: *No Wit, No Help, Like a Wo-*
16 *man's*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Account.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
17 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

Accusation.

Accuse not Nature: she hath done her part ;
Do thou but thine.
18 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. viii., Line 561.

Activity.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

25 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

26 SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Actors.

A strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage.

27 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.

28 THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Apology for Actors*.

Adaptability.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

29 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Address.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

30 COWPER: *The Rose*.

Adieu.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.

31 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto i., St. 13.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
 But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
 38 SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

I am not now in fortune's power:
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 39 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto iii.,
 Line 877.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
 The worst kind of infortune is this,—
 A man that hath been is prosperite,
 And it remember whan it passed is.
 40 CHAUCER: *Troilus and Creseide*, Bk. iii.,
 Line 1625.

Advice.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 41 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Know when to speak — for many times it brings
 Danger, to give the best advice to kings.
 42 HERRICK: *Aph. Caution in Council*.

The worst men often give the best advice.
 43 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. *A Village Feast*.

'Twas good advice, and meant, my son, Be good.
 44 CRABBE: *The Learned Boy*.

Affectation.

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside;
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.

45 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto iv., Line 31.

Affection.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.

46 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

47 SHAKS.: *Venus and A.*, Line 387.

Affliction.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

48 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night ix., Line 406.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction.

49 JOHN BROWN: *Barbarossa*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Affronts.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.

50 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act ii., Sc. 5.

Age.

When the age is in, the wit is out.

51 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said,—his judgment rul'd our hands.

52 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Manhood, when verging into age, grows thoughtful.

53 CAPEL LOFFT'S *Aphorisms*. Published in 1812.

I am declin'd into the vale of years.

54 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

55 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

56 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

We see time's furrows on another's brow . . .
How few themselves in that just mirror see!

57 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night v., Line 627.

O, sir! I must not tell my age.
 They say women and music should never be dated.
 58 GOLDSMITH: *She Stoops to Con.*, Act iii.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth as I am now.
 59 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 98.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.
 60 BEATTIE: *The Minstrel*, Bk. i., St. 25.

But an old age serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night,
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.
 61 WORDSWORTH: *To a Young Lady*.

Agony.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
 62 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto ii., St. 53.

Agreement.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
 We should agree as angels do above.
 63 WALLER: *Divine Love*, Canto iii.

Where order in variety we see,
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.
 64 POPE: *Windsor Forest*, Line 13.

Aim.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
 Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.
 65 ROBERT BROWNING: *The Inn Album*, iv.

Air.

When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

66 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Alacrity.

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.

67 SHAKS.: *Mer. W. of W.*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Ale.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.

68 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 100.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale.

69 PRIOR: *The Wandering Pilgrim*.

Alexandrine.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

70 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. ii., Line 156.

Alone.

Alone, alone, — all, all alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

71 COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*, Pt. iv.

Amazement.

But look! Amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

72 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Amber.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
73 POPE: *Epis. to Arbuthnot*, Line 169.

Ambition.

 Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
74 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

 I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.
75 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7.

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.
76 WILLIAM WINTER: *Queen's Domain*.

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
77 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 262.

Such joy ambition finds.
78 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 92.

America.

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land;
Greater than thee have lost their seat—
Greater scarce none can stand.
79 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. *The Surface*.

Anarchy.

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
80 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 894.

Ancestry.

The sap which at the root is bred
In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;
But virtues which in parents shine
Make not like progress through the line.
81 WALLER: *To Zelinda*.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.
82 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 215.

Angels.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
83 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. iii., Line 66.

The angels come and go, the messengers of God.
84 R. H. STODDARD: *Hymn to the Beautiful*.

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return ; or if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.
85 BLAIR: *The Grave*, Pt. ii., Line 586.

Anger.

Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
86 SHAKS.: *Coriolanus*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Never anger made good guard for itself.
87 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

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Angling.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

88 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

89 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act ii., Sc. 5.

Anticipation.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

90 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 359.

Antiquity.

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion.

91 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

92 WARTON: *Written on a Blank Leaf of
Dugdale's Monasticon.*

Apathy.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 't is fixed as in a frost.

93 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 101.

Apparel.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

94 SHAKS. : *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Apparitions.

How fading are the joys we dote upon !
Like apparitions seen and gone.

95 JOHN NORRIS : *The Parting*.

Appeal.

I have done the state some service, and they know it.
No more of that ; I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

96 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Appearances.

All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

97 SHAKS. : *M. of Venice*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

Appearances to save, his only care ;
So things seem right no matter what they are.

98 CHURCHILL : *Rosciad*, Line 299.

Appetite.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

99 SHAKS. : *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

His thirst he slakes at some pure neighboring
brook,
Nor seeks for sauce where appetite stands cook.

100 CHURCHILL : *Gotham*, iii., Line 133.

Applause.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.

101 SHAKS. : *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Oh popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?

102 COWPER : *Task*, Bk. ii., Line 481.

The applause of list'ning senates to command.

103 GRAY : *Elegy*, St. 16.

April.

Whanne that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.

CHAUCER : *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue,
104 Line 1.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.

105 EMERSON : *May-day*, Line 124.

When aince Aprile has fairly come,
An' birds may bigg in winter's lum,
An' pleasure's spreid for a' and some

O' whatna state,
Love, wi' her auld recruitin' drum,
Than taks the gate.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON : *Underwoods*,
106 Bk. ii., iii.

Argument.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.

107 GOLDSMITH : *Des. Village*, Line 211.

Aristocracy.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

108 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. i., Line 135.

Art.

Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge: But art, O man, is thine alone!

109 SCHILLER: *Artists*, St. 2.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude.

110 LONGFELLOW: *Kéramos*.

Artist.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.

111 SHAKS.: *Pericles*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Aspect.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state.

112 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 300.

Aspiration.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

113 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

Assurance.

I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.

114 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Atheism.

By night an atheist half believes a God.

115 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night v., Line 176.

Athens.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone — glimmering through the dream of things
 that were

First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away.

116 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 2.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.

117 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iv., Line 240.

Attempt.

 The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.

118 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Attention.

 The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

119 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Audience.

 Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

120 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. vii., Line 30.

August.

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing.

121 RUSKIN: *The Months.*

Aurora.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn.

122 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. viii., Line 1.

Author.

Most authors steal their works, or buy ; Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

123 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. iii., Line 59.

No author ever spar'd a brother.

124 GAY: *Fables, The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

How many great ones may remember'd be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish,
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish.

125 SPENSER: *Ruins of Time*, St. 52.

Authority.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep !

126 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.

127

KEATS: *To Autumn*.

Divinest autumn! who may paint thee best,
 Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
 Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
 The fashion of thy many-colored robe?

128

R. H. STODDARD: *Autumn*.

Autumn wins you best by this its mute
 Appeal to sympathy for its decay.

129

ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*, Sc. i.

 The lands are lit
 With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
 And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
 And bend and wave and flit.

130

HELEN HUNT: *Asters and Golden Rod*.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
 Stand shadowless like silence, listening
 To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
 Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
 Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn.

131

HOOD: *Autumn*.**Avarice.**

The lust of gold succeeds the rags of conquest:
 The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
 The last corruption of degenerate man.

132

DR. JOHNSON: *Irene*, Act i., Sc. 1.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

133 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i., St. 216.

 That disease
Of which all old men sicken, — avarice.

134 MIDDLETON: *Roaring Girl*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Awkwardness.

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

135 CHURCHILL: *Rosciad*, Line 438.

B.

Balances.

Jove lifts the golden balances that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below.

136 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. xxii., Line 271.

Ball.

I saw her at a county ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle.

137 PRAED: *Belle of the Ball-Room*, St. 2.

Banishment.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

138 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act iii., Sc. 1

Banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word — banished?
 139 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Banner.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
 140 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 5.

A banner with the strange device.
 141 LONGFELLOW: *Excelsior*.

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry.
 142 CAMPBELL: *Hohenlinden*.

Bard.

Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.
 143 COLERIDGE: *Fancy in Nubibus*.

Bars.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage.
 144 LOVELACE: *To Althea from Prison*, iv.

Baseness.

Since Cleopatra died,
 I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
 Detest my baseness.
 145 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act iv., Sc. 14.

Bashfulness.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.

146 COWPER : *Conversation*, Line 347.

Battle.

Then more fierce
The conflict grew ; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors.

147 SOUTHEY : *Madoc*, Pt. ii., *The Battle*.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

148 BYRON : *Giaour*, Line 123.

When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

149 CAMPBELL : *Ye Mariners of England*.

Beads.

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.

150 LONGFELLOW : *Midnight Mass*.

Beams.

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year.

151 TENNYSON : *The Golden Year*.

Beard.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.

152 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey;
The nether, orange mix'd with grey.

153 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i.,
Line 241.

Beast.

A beast, that wants discourse of reason.

154 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Beauty.

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

155 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

156 SHAKS.: *Pass. Pilgrim*, St. 11.

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds

Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
157 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. ii., Line 220.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
158 DRYDEN: *Cym. and Iph.*, Line 1.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.
159 KEATS: *Endymion*, Bk. i., Line 1.

What is this thought or thing
Which I call beauty? is it thought or thing?
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?
Or both? or neither — a pretext? — a word?
MRS. BROWNING: *Drama of Ex. Extrem.*
160 *of Sword-Glare.*

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
161 EMERSON: *The Rhodora.*

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
162 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto ii., Line 27.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
WORDSWORTH: *To ——. Let Other Bards*
163 *of Angels Sing.*

Bed.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss and human woe.

164 ISAAC DE BENSERADE: *Trans.* by Dr.
Johnson.

Bees.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

165 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

166 TENNYSON: *The Princess*, Pt. vii., Line 203.

Beggars.

Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

167 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 4.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

168 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Behavior.

And puts himself upon his good behavior.

169 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto v., St. 47.

Belial.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

170 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 500.

Bells.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

171 MOORE: *Those Evening Bells.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

172 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. cv.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

173 EDGAR ALLAN POE: *The Bells.*

Benediction.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.

174 WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality*,
St. 9.

Bible.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

175 COWPER: *Olney Hymns*, No. 30.

And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

181 THEODORE O'HARA: *Bivouac of the Dead*.

Blasphemy.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

182 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Bleakness.

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot:
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The House*
183 *Beautiful*.

Blessings.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

184 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night ii., Line 602.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

185 CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride*, Act v., Sc. 12.

Blindness.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.

186 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 80.

O, loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.

187 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 67.

Bliss.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
188 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 57.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
189 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 423.

Blood.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.
190 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs ;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.

191 EMERSON : *Epigraph to Friendship.*

Blood is a juice of very special kind.
 GOETHE: *Faust* (Swanwick's Trans.),
 192 Line 1386.

Bloom.

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
Love.

193 GRAY: *Prog. of Poesy*, Pt. i., St. 1, Line 3.

Blossoms.

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land.

194 J. G. VON SALIS: *The Silent Land*.

Bluntness.

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
195 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Blushing.

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive,
Half wishing they were dead to save the shame.
The sudden blush devours them, neck and brow;
They have drawn too near the fire of life, like
gnats,
And flare up boldly, wings and all.
What then?
Who's sorry for a gnat . . . or girl?

196 MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*,
Bk. ii., Line 732.

Boasting.

Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.

197 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Boat.

Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
Just parted from the shore,

And to the fisher's chorus-note
Soft moves the dipping oar.

198 BAILLIE: *Oh Swiftly Glides the Bonnie Boat.*

Boldness.

In conversation boldness now bears sway,
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness.

199 HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 34.

Bond.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

200 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Bones.

Cursed be he that moves my bones.

201 SHAKS.: *Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

202 THOMAS NOEL: *The Pauper's Ride.*

Books.

A book! O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.

203 SHAKS.: *Cymbeline*, Act v., Sc. 4.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;

And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.

204 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Elder*
Brother, Act i., Sc. 2.

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

205 CRABBE: *The Borough*, Letter xxiv.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we
know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

206 WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk*.

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.

207 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iv., Line 327.

Some books are lies frae end to end.

208 BURNS: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Bores.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

209 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xiii., St. 95.

Again I hear that creaking step! —

He's rapping at the door! —

Too well I know the boding sound

That ushers in a bore.

210 J. G. SAXE: *My Familiar*.

He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a
 friend.

216 GRAY: *Elegy, The Epitaph.*

Bourn.

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns.

217 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Bower.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet.

218 THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY: *I'd be a Butterfly.*

Bowl.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

219 POPE: *Satire i.*, Line 6.

Boyhood.

The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school.

220 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken.

221 MOORE: *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

Braes.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine.

222 BURNS: *Auld Lang Syne.*

Bread.

O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

229 HOOD : *The Song of the Shirt.*

Breast.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

230 WALLER : *On a Lady passing through a Crowd
of People.*

A word in season spoken
May calm the troubled breast.

231 CHARLES JEFFERYS : *A Word in Season.*

Breath.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).

232 JAMES MONTGOMERY : *The Wanderer of
Switzerland, Pt. v.*

Breeches.

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

233 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES : *The Last Leaf.*

Breezes.

Breezes of the South !

Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not — ye have
played

Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific — have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this ?

234 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT : *The Prairies.*

Brevity.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes —

I will be brief.

235

SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.

236

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i.,
Line 669.

Bribes.

What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

237

SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Bride.

You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

238 THOMAS B. ALDRICH: *An Untimely Thought*.

Bridge.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

239

EMERSON: *Hymn sung at the Completion
of the Battle Monument*.

Brooks.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

240 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT:
The Unknown Way.

Brotherhood.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

241 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, — how exquisite the bliss!

242 BURNS: *A Winter Night*.

Bubbles.

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.

243 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Bucket.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

244 WOODWORTH: *The Old Oaken Bucket*.

Bud.

The bud is on the bough again,
The leaf is on the tree.

245 CHARLES JEFFERYS: *The Meeting of Spring
and Summer*.

Buttercups.

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower.

251 ROBERT BROWNING : *Home-Thoughts,*
From Abroad.

C.

Cadence.

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

252 DRYDEN : *To the Memory of Mr. Oldham,*
Line 15.

Cæsar.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

253 SHAKS. : *Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 1.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

254 SHAKS. : *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Calamity.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

255 SHAKS. : *Rom. and Jul.*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Calmness.

And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

256 WORDSWORTH : *Character of the Happy*
Warrior.

Calumny.

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.
257 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Camping.

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.
258 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *A Camp*.

Candle.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
259 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Candor.

Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
260 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. iii., Line 9.

Cannons.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation.
261 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Canopy.

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.
262 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 139.

Capacity.

That wondrous soul Charoba once possess, —
 Capacious, then, as earth or heaven could hold,
 Soul discontented with capacity, —
 Is gone (I fear) forever.

263 WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: *Gebir*, Bk. ii.

Captain.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
 sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
 exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
 and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN: *O Captain! My Captain!*
 264 (On Death of Lincoln.)

A rude and boisterous captain of the sea.

265 JOHN HOME: *Douglas*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Care.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

266 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
 Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

267 BEN JONSON: *Tale of a Tub*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Care, whom not the gayest can outbrave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.

268 HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Childhood*, Pt. ii.,
Line 17.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

269 PETER PINDAR: *Ex. Odes*, Ode 15.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

270 GEORGE WITHER: *Poem on Christmas*.

Carefulness.

For my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

271 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

Cat.

A harmless necessary cat.

272 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

273 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Cataract.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion.

274 WORDSWORTH: *Lines composed a few miles
above Tintern Abbey*.

Cathedrals.

The high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

275 MILTON: *Il Penseroso*, Line 157.

Cato.

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.

276 POPE: *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 207.

Cattle.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

277 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Sands of Dee*.

Cause.

And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself.

278 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Caution.

Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent.

279 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Know when to speak; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

280 HERRICK: *Aph. Caution in Council*.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

281 FRANKLIN: *Poor Richard*.

Caverns.

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

282 COLERIDGE: *Kubla Khan*.

Celibacy.

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

283 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?

284 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 748.

Censure.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

285 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. x., Line 293.

Ceremony.

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds—hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

286 SHAKS.: *Timon of A.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Challenge.

There I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing.

287 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Chance.

That power
Which erring men call Chance.

288 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 587.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see.
 289 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 289.

Change.

All but God is changing day by day.
 290 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Prometheus*.

When change itself can give no more,
 'T is easy to be true.
 291 CHARLES SEDLEY: *Reasons for Constancy*.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
 grooves of change.
 292 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, Line 182.

Chaos.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
 293 SHAKS.: *Venus and A.*, Line 1019.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
 Still by himself abused or disabused.
 294 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 13.

Character.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold.
 295 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
 Your sustenance and birthright are.
 296 E. C. STEDMAN: *Beyond the Portals*, Pt. 10.

Charity.

Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
297 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
298 HOOD: *Bridge of Sighs*.

Charms.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
299 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto v., Line 34.

Chastity.

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her.
300 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 453.

Chatterton.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.
301 WORDSWORTH: *Res. and Indep.*, St. 7.

Chaucer.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
 SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. iv., Canto ii.,
302 St. 32.

Cheating.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.
303 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto iii., Line 1.

Cheerfulness.

It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Legend of*
304 *Brittany*, Pt. i., St. 35.

Chickens.

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto ii.,
305 Line 923.

Chiding.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.

306 SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.*, Sc. 4.

Child — Childhood — Children.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

307 LONGFELLOW: *Children*.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

308 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 275.

The child is father of the man.

309 WORDSWORTH: *My Heart Leaps*, Line 7.

Children are the keys of Paradise.
They alone are good and wise,
Because their thoughts, their very lives are prayer.

310 R. H. STODDARD: *The Children's Prayer*.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

311 CHARLES LAMB: *Old Familiar Faces*.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.

312 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iv., Line 330.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again, just for to-night.

 ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN: *Rock Me to Sleep*.
 313

Chime.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

314 MOORE: *A Canadian Boat-Song*.

Chivalry.

Cervantes smil'd Spain's chivalry away.

315 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xiii., St. 11.

Choice.

There's small choice in rotten apples.

316 SHAKS.: *Tam. of. the S.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Follow thou thy choice.

 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Alcayde of Molina*.
 317

Choler.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

318 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Chord.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

319 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, Line 33.

Christ.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free.

320 JULIA WARD HOWE: *Battle Hymn of the
Republic*.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority.

321 LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend*,
Pt. iii.

Christ — the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven.

322 BAILEY: *Festus, Sc. Heaven*.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'
pillage.

323 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*,
No. iii.

Christmas.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

324 TUSSEY: *500 Pts. Good Hus.*, Ch. 12.

Again at Christmas did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 The silent snow possess'd the earth.

325 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. lxxvii., St. 1.

Bright be thy Christmas tide!
 Carol it far and wide,
 Jesus, the King and the Saviour, is come!

326 FRANCES R. HAVERGAL: *Christmas Mottoes*.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

327 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Canto vi., Introduction.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through
 the house
 Not a creature was stirring, — not even a mouse.

CLEMENT C. MOORE: *A Visit from St.*
 328 *Nicholas*.

Church.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name.

329 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. iii., Line 285.

"What is a church?" Let truth and reason speak;
 They would reply — "The faithful pure and meek,
 From Christian folds, the one selected race,
 Of all professions, and in every place."

330 CRABBE: *The Borough*, Letter ii.

Churchyard.

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,

Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.

331 DYER: *Ruins of Rome*, Line 540.

Churlishness.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitality.

332 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

Circumstance.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.

333 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. lxiii., St. 2.

Citadel.

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't.

334 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act iv., Sc. 14.

Citizens.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made
us men.

335 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Capture
of Fugitive Slaves*.

City.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

336 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 445.

Civilities.

Love taught him shame ; and shame, with love at
strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.

337 DRYDEN : *Cym. and Iph.*, Line 133.

Clay.

 Tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

338 TENNYSON : *The Princess*, Pt. vii., Line 308.

Cleanliness.

E'en from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

339 THOMSON : *Seasons, Summer*, Line 1269.

Clergyman.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

340 GOLDSMITH : *Des. Village*, Line 137.

Cliff.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 storm, —
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

341 GOLDSMITH : *Des. Village*, Line 189.

Clime.

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main.

342 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 409.

Cloak.

Itt's pride that putts the countrye doune,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

343 PERCY: *Take Thy Old Cloak About Thee*.

Clock.

Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

344 DRYDEN: *Ædipus*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Clothes.

The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

345 GOLDSMITH: *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*.

Clouds.

Circling the mountains the gray clouds go
Heavy with storms as a mother with child,
Seeking release from their burden of snow
With calm slow motion they cross the wild —
Stately and sombre, they catch and cling
To the barren crags of the peaks in the west,
Weary with waiting, and mad for rest.

346 HAMLIN GARLAND: *The Clouds*.

Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun.

347 CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *Twilight Calm*.

Colossus.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

355 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Colors.

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

356 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 298.

Columbia.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

357 TIMOTHY DWIGHT: *Columbia*.

Column.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

358 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. iii., Line 339.

Combat.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!

359 CAMPBELL: *Hohenlinden*.

Comet.

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

360 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 707.

Comfort.

O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.

361 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Commandments.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

362 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Commentators.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

363 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire vii., Line 97.

Commerce.

Where wealth and freedom reign contentment
 fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.

364 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 91.

Communion.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

365 COWPER: *Charity*, Line 435.

Companions.

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!

We'd make with joyful wing

Our annual visit o'er the globe,

Companions of the spring.

366

JOHN LOGAN: *To the Cuckoo*.

Comparisons.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;

So doth the greater glory dim the less.

367

SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,

Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

368

BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i., St. 17.

Compass.

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,

I mind my compass and my way.

369

MATTHEW GREEN: *Spleen*, Line 93.

Compassion.

O, heavens! can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?

370

SHAKS.: *Titus And.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Compensation.

Under the storm and the cloud to-day,

And to-day the hard peril and pain —

To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,

For the sunshine shall follow the rain.

Merciful Father, I will not complain,

I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain.

371

JOAQUIN MILLER: *For Princess Maud*.

Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun.

372 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Compulsion.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.

373 MILTON: *Arcades*, Line 68.

Concealment.

 She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

374 SHAKS.: *Tw. Night*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Conceit.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

375 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Conclusion.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

376 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Concord.

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

377 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Condemnation.

To each his suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

378 GRAY: *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.

Confession.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.

379 CRABBE: *Hall of Justice*, Pt. ii.

Confidence.

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.

380 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Conflict.

Arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict.

381 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. vi., Line 209.

Confusion.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!

382 GRAY: *The Bard*, Pt. i., St. 1.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.

383 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 995.

Congregation.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

384 DEFOE: *True-Born Englishman*, Pt. i.,
Line 1.

Conquest.

Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

385 GRAY: *The Bard*, Pt. i., St. 1.

Conscience.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

386 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

387 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. x., Line 842.

But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws
So much, as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

388 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i., St. 167.

Consideration.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

389 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Consistency.

General C. is a drefle smart man;
He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —
 He 's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*,
 390 No. ii.

Consolation.

This grief is crowned with consolation.

391 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon the heart?

392 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Conspiracy.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
 Than executed.

393 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Constancy.

I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

394 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 And constancy lives in realms above.

395 COLERIDGE: *Christabel*, Pt. ii.

Consummation.

To die : to sleep :
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd.

396

SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.**Contemplation.**

For contemplation he and valor form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

397

MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 297.**Contempt.**

From no one vice exempt,
 And most contemptible to shun contempt.

398

POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. i., Line 194.**Contention.**

Sons and brothers at a strife !
 What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?
 — No quarrel, but a slight contention.

399

SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 2.**Contentment.**

He that commends me to mine own content,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

400

SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors*, Act i., Sc. 2.

This is the charm, by sages often told,
 Converting all it touches into gold :
 Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
 Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

401

HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Clifton Grove*,
 Line 139.

Contradiction.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

402 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 270.

Controversy.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both.

403 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. iii., Line 161.

Conversation.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 't is a task indeed to learn — to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.

404 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire v., Line 57.

Converts.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right.

405 BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts*, Line 113.

Cooks.

Heaven sends us good meat; but the devil sends
cooks.

406 GARRICK: *Epigr. on Goldsmith's Retal.*

Coquette.

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All's one to her — above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

407 T. B. ALDRICH: *Coquette*.

Courage.

What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

414 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

I dare do all that may become a man :
Who dares do more is none.

415 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7.

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear ; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory.

416 MILTON, *Par. Lost*, Bk. vi., Line 236.

Court — Courtiers.

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Whom I have soon to weed and pluck away.

417 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

418 SHAKS.: *Cymbeline*, Act i., Sc. 1.

A mere court butterfly,
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.

419 BYRON : *Sardanapalus*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Courtesy.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
 Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
 Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
 Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, —
 It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
 And gives its owner passport round the globe.

420

JAMES T. FIELDS : *Courtesy*.**Courtship.**

Bring, therefore, all the forces that you may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart;
 Complaints, prayers, vows, ruth, and sorrow, and dis-
 may, —
 These engines can the proudest love convert.

421

SPENSER : *Amoretti and Epithalamion*,
Sonnet xiv.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won.

422

SHAKS. : *Titus And.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

He that would win his dame must do
 As love does when he draws his bow;
 With one hand thrust the lady from,
 And with the other pull her home.

423

BUTLER : *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto i.,
Line 449.**Covetousness.**

When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness.

424

SHAKS. : *King John*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Cowardice.

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

425 SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.*, Introduction, Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

426 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

427 JOHN TOBIN: *Honeymoon*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

The coward never on himself relies,
But to an equal for assistance flies.

428 CRABBE: *Tale iii.*, Line 84.

Cowslips.

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.

429 MILTON: *Lycidas*, Line 139.

Coxcombs.

So by false learning is good sense defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.

430 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. i., Line 25.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

431 JOHN BROWN: *An Essay on Satire*.

Cradle.

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age.

432 POPE: *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 408.

Craftiness.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

BRET HARTE: *Plain Language from*
433 *Truthful James.*

Creation.

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause, —
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

434 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night i., Line 23.

Credit.

Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

435 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. iii., Line 39.

Creed.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

436 MOORE: *Come, Send Round the Wine.*

Crime.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

437 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

438 BEILBY PORTEUS: *Death*, Line 154.

Criticism — Critics.

I am nothing if not critical.

439 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place.

440 POPE: *Temple of Fame*, Line 37.

Cromwell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd.

MILTON: *Sonnets, To the Lord General Cromwell*.
441

Cross.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set;
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The cross leads generations on.

442 SHELLEY: *Hellas*, Line 221.

Crowd.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray.

443 GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 19.

Crown.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe.

444 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

What seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand.

445 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 666.

Cruelty.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

446 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Cupid.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

447 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Cupid is a casuist,
A mystic, and a cabalist, —
Can your lurking thought surprise,
And interpret your device. . . .
Heralds high before him run ;
He has ushers many a one ;
He spreads his welcome where he goes,
And touches all things with his rose.
All things wait for and divine him, —
How shall I dare to malign him ?

Curiosity.

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.

451 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i., St. 23.

Curls.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod, —
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.

452 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. i., Line 684.

Current.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

453 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Curses.

Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar.

454 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

But in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
not.

455 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 3.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.

456 MILTON: *Lycidas*, Line 100.

Custom.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

457 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Custom calls me to 't; —
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't?

458 SHAKS.: *Coriolanus*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this.

459 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Cypress.

Dark tree! still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

460 BYRON: *Giaour*, Line 286.

D.

Daffadills.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

461 HERRICK: *To Daffadills.*

Dagger.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? . . .
 or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

462 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Daisy.

The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree.

463 HOOD: *Flowers.*

Damnation.

And deal damnation round the land.

464 POPE: *The Universal Prayer*, St. 7.

Damsel.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw.

465 COLERIDGE: *Kubla Khan*.

Dancing.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze:
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

466 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 251.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,

As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way!

No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

467 SUCKLING: *On a Wedding*.

Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.

468 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 33.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

469 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 22.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

470 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., St. 86. 10.

Danger.

He that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

471 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
safety.

472 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.

473 WORDSWORTH: *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Dante.

Oh their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it.

474 ROBERT BROWNING: *One Word More*, xvii.

Daring.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

475 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7

The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

476 BAYARD TAYLOR: *The Song of the Camp.*

Darkness.

Lo! darkness bends down like a mother of grief
On the limitless plain, and the fall of her hair
It has mantled a world.

477 JOAQUIN MILLER: *From Sea to Sea*, St. 4.

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

478 POPE: *Dunciad*, Bk. iv., Line 649.

Dart.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'T is like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

479 ABRAHAM COWLEY: *The Waiting Maid*.

Daughter.

Still harping on my daughter.

480 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.

481 MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*, *The Fire-Worshippers*.

Dawn.

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness.

482 SHAKS.: *Tempest*, Act v., Sc. 1.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

483 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

484 COLERIDGE: *Death of Wallenstein*, Act i.,
Sc. 1.

Day, Days.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the
grove.

485 BEATTIE: *The Hermit*.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

486 BYRON: *On my Thirty-sixth Year*.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.

487 WORDSWORTH: *Nutting*.

Death.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come.

488 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
 For that's the end of human misery.

489 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry VI.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

490 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

491 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

 Behind her death,
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse.

492 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. x., Line 588.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
 And thou art terrible, — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony are thine.

493 FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris*.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

494 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night v., Line 1011.

To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.

495 MACAULAY: *Lays Anc. Rome*, *Horatius*, xxvii.

Leaves have their times to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set — but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.

496 MRS. HEMANS: *Hour of Death*.

Death is only kind to mortals.

497 SCHILLER: *Complaint of Ceres*, St. 4.

What a strange, delicious amazement is Death,
 To be without body and breathe without breath.

498 EDWIN ARNOLD: *She and He*.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call death.

499 LONGFELLOW: *Resignation*, St. 5.

Our days begin with trouble here,
 Our life is but a span,
 And cruel death is always near,
 So frail a thing is man.

500 *From the New England Primer.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower.

501 *HEBER: At a Funeral, No. i.*

How wonderful is Death!
 Death and his brother Sleep.

502 *SHELLEY: Queen Mab, St. i.*

And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
 Coming with welcome at our journey's end.

503 *JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: To George
 William Curtis.*

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
 To be we know not what, we know not where.

504 *DRYDEN: Aurengzebe, Act iv., Sc. 1.*

Debt.

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
 He only owes, who something hath to pay.

505 *MARTIAL: (Hay), ii., 3.*

Decay.

Before decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

506 *BYRON: Giaour, Line 68.*

The ruins of himself! now worn away
 With age, yet still majestic in decay.

507 *POPE: Odyssey, Bk. xxiv., Line 271.*

Deceit.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.

508 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.

509 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Canto vi., St. 17.

December.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. vii., Canto vii.,
510 St. 41.

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June.

BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,
511 Line 75.

Decency.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON: *Essay on Translated*
512 *Verse*, Line 113.

Decision.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly.

513 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment
to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the
good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering
 each the bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
 upon the right;
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that dark-
 ness and that light.

514 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Present Crisis*.

Deeds.

And with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.

515 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 393.

Oh! 't is easy
 To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them —
 The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
 And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance —
 There lies the self-denial.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy*,
 516 Act iv., Sc. 3.

Deep.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

517 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 282.

Defeat.

Such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded.

518 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 993.

Defect.

So may a glory from defect arise.

519 ROBERT BROWNING: *Deaf and Dumb*.

Defence.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?

520 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 560.

Defiance.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.

521 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Deity.

Hail, source of being! universal soul
Of heaven and earth! essential presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

522 THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring*, Line 556.

Dejection.

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low.

WORDSWORTH: *Resolution and Independence*,
523 St. 4.

Delay.

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.

524 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

525 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night i., Line 390.

Deliberation.

Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care.

526 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 300.

Delight.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

527 WORDSWORTH: *She was a Phantom of
Delight.*

Delusion.

For love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place:
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.

528 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Denmark.

Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

529 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Deportment.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blest with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

530 CHURCHILL: *Rosciad*, Line 741.

Depravity.

God's love seemed lost upon him.

531 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. *Heaven*.

Depression.

All day the darkness and the cold

Upon my heart have lain,

Like shadows on the winter sky,

Like frost upon the pane.

532 WHITTIER: *On Receiving an Eagle's Quill*.

Desert.

In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

533 HOOD: *Sonnet*, *Silence*.

The keenest pangs the wretched find

Are rapture to the dreary void,

The leafless desert of the mind,

The waste of feelings unemployed.

534 BYRON: *Giaour*, Line 957.

Desire (Love).

It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth not die.

SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto v.,

535 St. 13.

Desolation.

Desolate! Life is so dreary and desolate.

Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle,

Yet with itself every soul standeth single,

Deep out of sympathy moaning its moan;

Holding and having its brief exultation;

Making its lonesome and low lamentation;

Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.

536 ALICE CARY: *Life*.

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.

544 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto iii., Line 15.

Devil.

'T is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.

545 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he.

546 RABELAIS: *Works*, Bk. iv., Ch. xxiv.

Devotion.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.

547 MOORE: *As Down in the Sunless Retreats*.

Dew.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?

548 BEN JONSON: *Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet*.

Dial.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.

549 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto ii.,
Line 175.

Difficulty.

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

550 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Dignity.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

551 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. viii., Line 488.

Digression.

And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

552 BURNS: *The Two Dogs.*

Dinner.

Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

553 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xiii., St. 99.

Disappointment.

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

554 MOORE: *Lalla Rookh, Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Discord.

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. iii., Canto ii.,
555 St. 15.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

556 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

Discourse.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

557 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

Discretion.

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

558 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

It shewed discretion, the best part of valor.

559 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *King and No
King*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Diseases.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

560 SHAKS. : *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Disguise.

'T is great, 't is manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

561 YOUNG : *Night Thoughts*, Night viii.,
Line 372.

Dislike.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

562 TOM BROWN : *Trans. of Martial's Ep. I.*, 33.

Disobedience.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

563 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 1.

Disorder.

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

564 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Disposition.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.

565 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Dispute.

'T is strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd.

566 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 1.

Dissension.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your
hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.

567 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act iv., Sc. 6.

Dissimulation.

Away and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know.

568 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 7.

Dissolution.

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

569 SHAKS.: *Tempest*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Distance.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

570 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. i., Line 7.

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.

571 WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk*, St. 2.

Distrust.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.

572 ALEXANDER SMITH: *A Life Drama*, Sc. 12.

Divinity.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

573 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Doctrine.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.

574 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i.,
Line 205.

Dogs.

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'clept
All by the name of dogs.

575 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

582 BYRON: *Dream*, St. 1.

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

583 HOOD: *The Haunted House*.

Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

584 TENNYSON: *The Two Voices*, St. cxxvii.

Dress.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me, and be quiet.

585 LADY M. W. MONTAGU: *A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice*.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

586 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. ii., Line 614.

Drink — Drinking — Drunkenness.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts!

587 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Give him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care,

There let him bouse and deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.

588

BURNS: *Scotch Drink*.**Dryden.**

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.

589

POPE: *Satire v.*, Line 267.**Duelling.**

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
 Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

590

DR. JOHNSON: *London*.**Dunce.**

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
 Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

591

COWPER: *Prog. of Error*, Line 415.**Dungeon.**

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation, mark!

592

BURNS: *Ode on Mrs. Oswald*.**Duty.**

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

593

WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty*.

E.

Eagle.

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.

BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,
594 Line 826.

Ear.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

595 MILTON: *Il Penseroso*, Line 120.

Earth.

The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.

596 SHELLEY: *Hellas*, Line 1060.

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.

597 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 782.

Upon my burned body lie lightly, gentle earth.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Maid's Tragedy*,
598 Act i., Sc. 2.

Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

599 COLERIDGE: *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*.

Ease.

Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

600 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 96.

East.

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the east.
 601 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Easter.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With Him mayst rise:
 That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.
 602 HERBERT: *The Church. Easter.*

Eating.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
 603 SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
 And some would eat that want it;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 Sae let the Lord be thankit.
 604 BURNS: *Grace before Meat.*

Echo.

Echo waits with art and care
 And will the faults of song repair.
 605 EMERSON: *May-Day*, Line 439.

O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 606 TENNYSON: *The Princess*, Pt. iii., *Song.*

Eclipse.

The sun, . . .

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

607 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 597.

Eden.

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

608 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. xii., Line 645.

Education.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd.

609 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. i., Line 149.

Eloquence.

His tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

610 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 113.

Emerson.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words,
every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.

611 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *A Fable for Critics*.

Eminence.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and
snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

612 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 45.

Empire.

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

613 GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 12.

End.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.

614 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. A Country Town.

Endurance.

'Tis not now who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto iii.,
615 Line 353.

England.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart, —
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

616 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act i., *Chorus.*

Enmity.

'T is death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

617 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Ensign.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

618 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Old Ironsides.*

Enthusiasm.

Rash enthusiasm, in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

619 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xiii., Line 35.

Envy.

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.

620 GAY: *Fables*, Pt. i., Fable 44.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

621 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. ii., Line 266.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

622 THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring*, Line 284.

Epitaphs.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

623 PRIOR: *Ep. Extempore*.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

624 GRAY: *Elegy, Epitaph*.

Equality.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;

The south wind kisses
The saucy milkmaid's cheek,
The nun's demure and meek,
Nor any misses.

625 E. C. STEDMAN: *A Madrigal*, St. 3.

Error.

Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth?

626 TENNYSON: *Love and Duty*.

But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

627 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Battle-Field*.

Eternity.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

628 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. xii., Line 555.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

629 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Europe.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

630 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, Line 184.

Eve.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.

631 MILTON: *Par. Lost*., Bk. iv., Line 323.

Evening.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

632 LONGFELLOW: *The Day is Done*.

The sun is set ; the swallows are asleep ;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air ;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep ;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.

633

SHELLEY: *Evening*.

Evil.

Farewell hope ! and with hope, farewell fear !
Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.

634

MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 108.

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth.

635

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Prometheus*.

Example.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

636

SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

By his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown.

637

WHITTIER: *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*.

Excess.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

638

SHAKS.: *King John*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Exile.

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the Western main.

639 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 407.

Expectation.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

640 SUCKLING: *Against Fruition.*

Experience.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

641 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.

642 GAY, *Fables*, Pt. i., *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

Extremes.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.

643 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. iii., Line 161.

Eyes.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

644 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining thro' them.

645 OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. ii.,
Canto ii., St. 3.

The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces.

654 LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo*, Pt. ii., 6.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours*?

655 MOORE: *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*, Fable ix.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face.

656 COWPER: *Light Shining out of Darkness*.

Fair.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

657 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than Nature made her: beauty cost her nothing,
Her virtues were so rare.

658 GEORGE CHAPMAN: *All Fools*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Fairies.

This is the fairy land; O spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.

659 SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Faith.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.

660 HANNAH MORE: *Dan and Jane*.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. xxxiii.,
661 St. 1.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

662 WORDSWORTH: *Weak is the Will of Man*.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

663 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iii., Line 303.

Fall.

He that is down needs fear no fall.

664 BUNYAN: *The Author's Way of Sending
forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim*, Pt. ii.

Falsity.

As false

As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb; as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son.

665 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Fame.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.

666 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.

667 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 971.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.

668 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 237.

There was a morning when I longed for fame,
There was a noontide when I passed it by,
There is an evening when I think not shame
Its substance and its being to deny.

669 JEAN INGELow: *The Star's Monument*,
St. 81.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

670 BEATTIE: *Minstrel*, Bk. i., St. 1.

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

671 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 281.

Family.

Birds in their little nest agree;
And 't is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

672 WATTS: *Divine Songs*, Song xvii.

Famine.

Famine is in thy cheeks.

673 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Fancy.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed : and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

674 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 2. *Song*.

She 's all my fancy painted her;
She 's lovely, she 's divine.

675 WILLIAM MEE: *Alice Gray*.

Farewell.

Farewell! Farewell! Through keen delights
It strikes two hearts, this word of woe.
Through every joy of life it smites, —
Why, sometime they will know.

676 MARY CLEMMER: *Farewell*.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been :
A sound which makes us linger ; — yet — farewell!

677 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 186.

Fashion.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

678 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Fate.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

679 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

680 DRYDEN: *MacFlecknoe*, Line 1.

Things are where things are, and, as fate has willed,
So shall they be fulfilled.

681 ROBERT BROWNING: *Agamemnon*.

And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

682 POPE: *The Universal Prayer*, St. 3.

For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and man!

683 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. vii., Line 263.

Father.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

684 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

685 POPE: *The Universal Prayer*, St. 1.

Fault — Faults.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?

686 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

687 HERBERT: *The Church Porch*.

In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.

688 WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: *The Last Fruit of an Old Tree*, Epigram cvi.

Favor.

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors.

689 SHAKS.: *Cymbeline*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Fawning.

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

690 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Fear.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

691 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.

692 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power.

693 THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring*, Line 286.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.

694 BURNS: *Ep. to a Young Friend*.

Feasting.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

695 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 17.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

696 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 776.

February.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with
ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.

697 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Winter Piece*.

Feeling.

But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel them-
selves.

698 CHURCHILL: *Rosciad*, Line 961.

Feet.

Like snails did creep her pretty feet
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

699 HERRICK: *Aph. Upon Her Feet*.

Fellow.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

700 ADDISON: *Spectator*. No. 68.

Female.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land,—
Female of sex it seems.

701 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 710.

Fickleness.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 And fickle as a changeful dream.

702 SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v., St. 10.

Fiction.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men will believe, because they love the lie;
 But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.

703 CHURCHILL: *Epis. to Hogarth*, Line 291.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

704 GRAY: *The Bard*, Pt. iii., St. 3.

Fidelity.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

705 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.

706 HENRY VAUGHAN: *Rules and Lessons*, St. 8.

Fields.

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
 won.

707 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*.

Fiend.

Like one that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round walks on,

And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

708 COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*, Pt. vi.

Fighting.

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

709 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 3.

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

710 GOLDSMITH: *Art of Poetry*.

Fire.

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine,
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.

711 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 592.

Firmament.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires.

712 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 598.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

713 ADDISON: *Ode*.

Flag.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

714 JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE: *The American Flag*.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.

715 CAMPBELL: *Mariners of England*.

Flame.

Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

716 GRAY: *Prog. of Poesy*, Pt. ii., St. 2, Line 10.

The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

717 HEMANS: *Casabianca*.

Flattery.

By heav'n I cannot flatter: I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

718 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

719 SWIFT: *Cadenus and Vanessa*, Line 755.

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

720 GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 11.

Flea.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

721 SWIFT: *Poetry, A Rhapsody*.

Flesh.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

722 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Flirtation.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you 're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

723 CAMPBELL: *Maid's Remonstrance*.

Flood.

Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?

724 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Flowers.

The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds.

725 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Death of the Flowers*.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.

CHRIS. G. ROSSETTI: *Consider the Lilies of the Field*.
726

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

727 J. G. PERCIVAL: *Language of the Flowers*.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost.

728 COLERIDGE: *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*.

Foe.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow!
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can
send,

Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend*!

729 GEORGE CANNING: *New Morality*.

Folly.

Fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

730 GAY: *Fables*, Pt. i., Fable 44.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

731 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 15.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!

732 SCOTT: *Bridal of Triermain*, Canto i., St. 21.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

733 GOLDSMITH: *The Hermit*, Ch. xxiv.

Fools.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,
734 Line 6.

Since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.
735 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iii., Line 495.

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.
EARL OF ROCHESTER: *Artemisia in the Town*
736 *to Chloe in the Country*.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
737 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. iii., Line 66.

Footprints.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
738 LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life*.

Forbearance.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
739 COWPER: *Mutual Forbearance*.

Force.

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
740 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 648.

Forest.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.
741 R. H. STODDARD: *Under the Trees*.

This is the forest primeval.

742 LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*, Introduction.

Forgetfulness.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

743 WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality*.

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget.

744 RUDYARD KIPLING: *Recessional*.

Forgiveness.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

745 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. ii., Line 324.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

746 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. Home.

Good, to forgive;
Best to forget!

747 ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz*, Prologue.

Form.

She was a form of life and light
That seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning-star of memory!

748 BYRON: *Giaour*, Line 1127.

Fortitude.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.

749 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such as are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

750 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

Fortune is female: from my youth her favors
Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope
Her former smiles again at this late hour.

751 BYRON: *Mar. Faliero*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

752 THOMSON: *Song*.

Frailty.

Frailty, thy name is Woman!

753 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

754 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act v., Sc. 7.

France.

'T is better using France, than trusting France ;
 Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

755 SHAKS. : 3 *Henry VI.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Fraternity.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
 Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
 And true-lovers' knots, I ween ;
 The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
 But there 's never a bond, old friend, like this,
 We have drunk from the same canteen.

756 CHARLES G. HALPINE ("MILES
 O'REILLY") : *The Canteen*.

Freedom.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.

757 WORDSWORTH : *Sonnet*. *It is not to be
 thought of, etc.*

Oh, FREEDOM ! thou art not, as poets dream,
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
 With which the Roman master crowned his slave
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
 Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailèd hand
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy
 brow,
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
 With tokens of old wars.

758 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT : *Antiquity of
 Freedom*.

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —
 Choose him to be your king;
 He shall cut pathways east and west,
 And fend you with his wing.

759

EMERSON: *Boston Hymn.*

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
 No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
 When human rights are staked and won."

760

WHITTIER: *The Watchers.*

When Freedom from her mountain-height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.

761

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE: *The American Flag.***Freeman.**

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

762

COWPER: *Task*, Bk. v., Line 733.**Friendship.**

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
 As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.

763

SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.

764

SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

765

EMERSON: *Forbearance.*

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

766 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

767 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. xvi., Line 267.

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

768 DR. JOHNSON: *Verses on the Death of Mr.
Robert Levet*, St. 2.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not
one:

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

769 WORDSWORTH: *To a Child*.

Front.

His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule.

770 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 297.

Frost.

All the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizzard-work of silver lace.

771 T. B. ALDRICH: *Latakia*.

What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!

772 WHITTIER: *The Pageant*, St. 8.

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early.

773 BURNS: *Highland Mary*

Fruit.

The ripest fruit first falls.

774 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Fury.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

775 CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride*, Act iii., Sc. 8.

Beware the fury of a patient man.

776 DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. i.,
Line 1005.

Futurity.

The dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

777 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

O Death, O Beyond,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange!

778 MRS. BROWNING: *Rhapsody of Life's
Progress.*

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

779 TENNYSON: *Maud*, Pt. xxvi., St. 3.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!

780 LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

G.

Gain.

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain.

781 GAY: *Fables*, Pt. i., *The Shepherd and the Philosopher*.

Gale.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er.

782 MRS. BARBAULD: *Death of the Virtuous*.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale.

783 BURNS: *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

Gambling.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.

784 HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 33.

Garden.

A garden, sir,
Wherein all rainbowed flowers were heaped to-
gether.

785 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy*,
Act v., Sc. 1.

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.

786 COWLEY: *The Garden*, Essay v.

Garret.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.

787 BYRON: *A Sketch*.

Garrick.

Here lies David Garrick — describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting:
 'T was only that when he was off, he was acting.

788

GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation*, Line 93.**Gem.**

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.

789

GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 14.**Genius.**

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

790

DRYDEN: *Epis. to Congreve* Line 59.

Nor mourn the unalterable Days
 That Genius goes and Folly Stays.

791

EMERSON: *In Memoriam*.**Gentleman.**

We are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

792

SHAKS.: *Pericles*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
 Who was then the gentleman?

793 *Lines used by John Ball in Wat Tyler's Rebellion.*

Gentleness.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

794 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

Ghosts.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

795 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night;
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away.

796 LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend*, Pt. iv.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

797 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 432.

Gifts.

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.

798 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.

799 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 495.

Girdle.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

800 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Gloaming.

Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain —
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

801 JAMES HOGG: *Kilmeny*.

Gloom.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

802 MILTON: *Il Penseroso*, Line 79.

Glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

803 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd.

804 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 591.

Go where glory waits thee!
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!

805 MOORE: *Go Where Glory Waits Thee*.

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
 806 WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality*, St. 2.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!
 807 JOSEPH R. DE L'ISLE: *Marseilles Hymn*.

Glow-worm.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 808 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

Gluttony.

Swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted, base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder.
 809 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 776.

God.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
 'T is only God may be had for the asking.
 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Vision of Sir*
 810 *Launfal*.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
 811 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 267.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee:

Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

812 MOORE: *Thou Art, O God.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

813 BYRON: *The Dream*, St. 4.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

814 RICHARD CRASHAW: *Epigram.*

From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,—
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

815 DR. JOHNSON: *Motto to the Rambler*, No. 7.

Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

816 SHAKS.: *King Lear*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

817 EMERSON: *Give All to Love.*

Gold.

Gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

818 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

819 BLAIR: *The Grave*, Line 347.

So dear a life your arms enfold,
Whose crying is a cry for gold.

820 TENNYSON: *The Daisy*, St. 24.

Goodness.

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

821 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Oh, sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket.

822 WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, Bk. i., Line 504.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

823 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *A Farewell*.

Good Night.

At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

824 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Good night! good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

825 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

826 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Canto vi., L'Envoy.

Government.

'T is government that makes them seem divine.

827 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop 'em;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten
her.

828 BEN JONSON: *Catiline*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

829 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iii., Line 303.

Grace.

When once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right.

830 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

831 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. i., Line 152.

Grandeur.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

832 GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 8.

Gratitude.

The still small voice of gratitude.

833 GRAY: *Ode for Music, Chorus*, V., Line 8.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

834 WORDSWORTH: *Simon Lee*.

Grave.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.

835 LANSDOWNE: *On Death*.

The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt named: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

836 BLAIR: *The Grave*, Line 9.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

837 BEATTIE: *The Minstrel*, Bk. ii., St. 17.

Greatness.

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness.

838 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake.

839 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

Great hearts have largest room to bless the small;
Strong natures give the weaker home and rest.

840 LUCY LARCOM: *Sonnet, The Presence.*

Greece.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

841 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 73.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

842 BYRON: *Giaour*, Line 90.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

843 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., St. 86. 1.

Greeks.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

844 NATHANIEL LEE: *Alex. the Great*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Grief.

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

845 SHAKS.: *Sonnet* 50.

What 's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.

846 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

847 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 362.

O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF! — holy herein,
That, by the grief of ONE, came all our good.

848 MRS. BROWNING: *Sonnets, Exaggeration.*

In all the silent manliness of grief.

849 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 384.

Ground.

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.

850 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 88.

Groves.

The groves were God's first temples.

851 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Forest Hymn.*

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.

852 WALLER: *On St. James's Park.*

Grudge.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

853 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Guests.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

854 SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

855 POPE: *Satire ii.*, Line 159.

Guilt.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

856 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

How guilt, once harbor'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!

857 DR. JOHNSON: *Irene*, Act iv., Sc. 8.

H.

Habit.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

858 DRYDEN: *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Bk. xv.,
Line 155.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

859 HANNAH MORE: *Floris*, Pt. i., Line 85.

Hair.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

860 DRYDEN: *From Persius*, Satire v., Line 246.

Golden hair, like sunlight streaming
On the marble of her shoulder.

861 J. G. SAXE: *The Lover's Vision*, St. 3.

When you see fair hair
Be pitiful.

862 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. 4.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.

863 GRAY: *The Bard*, Pt. i., St. 2.

Halter.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

864 JOHN TRUMBULL: *McFingal*, Canto iii.,
Line 489.

Hand.

Let my hand —
This hand, lie in your own — my own true friend!
Hand in hand with you.

865 ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*, Sc. 5.

'T was a hand
White, delicate, dimpled, warm, languid, and bland.
The hand of a woman is often, in youth,
Somewhat rough, somewhat red, somewhat grace-
less in truth;
Does its beauty refine, as its pulses grow calm,
Or as Sorrow has crossed the life-line in the palm?

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. i., Canto iii.,
866 St. 13.

Happiness.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

867 HOOD: *Ode to Melancholy*.

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

868 COWPER: *Table Talk*, Line 246.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts the eternal
 sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
 869 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 1.

Harmony.

Soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 870 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.
 871 DRYDEN: *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, Line 11.

Harp.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 MOORE: *The Harp That Once Through Tara's*
 872 *Halls*.

Haste.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
 873 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Running together all about,
 The servants put each other out,
 Till the grave master had decreed,
 The more haste, ever the worst speed.
 874 CHURCHILL: *Ghost*, Bk. iv., Line 1159.

Hat.

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.

875 JAMES BRAMSTON: *Man of Taste*.

Hatred.

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

876 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Never can true reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.

877 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 98.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!

878 BYRON: *Corsair*, Canto i., St. 9.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.

879 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 45.

Hawthorn.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

880 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 67.

Head.

Oh good gray head which all men knew!

TENNYSON: *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, St. 4.
881

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Bk. ii.,
882 Hymn 63.

Health.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

883 GAY: *Fables*, Pt. i., Fable 31.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

DRYDEN: *Epis. to John Dryden of Chesterton*,
884 Line 92.

Heart.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

885 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart.

886 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 159.

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which
if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity.

MRS. BROWNING: *Lady Geraldine's Court-*
887 *ship*, xli.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hope will cling.

888 ALFRED BUNN: *Song*.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
889 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. vi., Line 85.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
RICHARD M. MILNES: *Tragedy of the Lac de*
890 *Gaube*, St. 2.

Heaven.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
891 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Heaven
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works.
892 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. viii., Line 66.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.
893 SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake*, Canto ii., St. 22.

Hell.

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes
out
Contagion to this world.
894 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end.
895 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 61.

Hell

Grew darker at their frown.

896 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 719.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

897 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. iv., Line 149.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

898 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto i., St. 20.

Hell is a city much like London — ‘

A populous and a smoky city;

There are all sorts of people undone,

And there is little or no fun done;

Small justice shown, and still less pity.

899 SHELLEY: *Peter Bell the Third*, Pt. iii.

Heritage.

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time.

900 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, Line 178.

Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine!

901 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 50.

Heroes.

Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede.

902 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 219.

Whoe’er excels in what we prize,

Appears a hero in our eyes.

903 SWIFT: *Cadenus and Vanessa*, Line 729.

To the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,

Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be!

904 HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris*.

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.

905 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. xv., Line 157.

Hills.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.

906 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Thanatopsis*.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung his tassels forth.

907 HEMANS: *The Voice of Spring*.

History.

History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page.

908 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 108.

Holiday.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

909 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother: he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!

910 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 141.

Holiness.

Whoso lives the holiest life
Is fittest far to die.

911 MARGARET J. PRESTON: *Ready*.

Homage.

When I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
 Stain it with hypocritic tear.

912 EDWARD EVERETT: *Alaric the Visigoth*.

Home.

Home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.

913 THOMSON: *Seasons, Autumn*, Line 65.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
 Whence first we started into life's long race,
 Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
 We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

914 COWPER: *Tirocinium*, Line 314.

This be the verse you grave for me:
 Here he lies where he longed to be;
 Home is the sailor, home from sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill.

915 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Requiem*.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.

916 J. HOWARD PAYNE: *Home, Sweet Home*.

Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

917 WORDSWORTH: *To a Skylark*.

Homer.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse may seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE :
918 *Essay on Poetry.*

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapsman speak out loud and bold.

KEATS : *On first looking into Chapman's*
919 *Homer.*

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no rooffe to shrowd his head.

THOMAS HEYWOOD : *Hierarchie of the Blessed*
920 *Angells.*

Honesty.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

921 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act v., Sc. 2.

A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

922 POPE : *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 247.

Honor.

Too much honor :
O, 't is a burthen, . . . 't is a burthen,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

923 SHAKS. : *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path.
924 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Honor 's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
925 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act ii., Sc. 5.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
926 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 193.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
927 TENNYSON: *Idyls, Elaine*, Line 884.

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
928 WILLIAM COLLINS: *Ode in 1746*.

Hood.

A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.
929 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:
How Not to Settle It.

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
930 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost.
931 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 108.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

932 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 95.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

933 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. i., Line 45.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

934 HEBER: *On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope*.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.

935 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 65.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"
These words in sombre color I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate.

936 DANTE: *Inferno*, Longfellow's Trans.,
Canto iii., Line 9.

Horn.

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

937 WORDSWORTH: *Miscellaneous Sonnets*,
Pt. i., xxxiii.

Horror.

My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors.

938 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 5.

On horror's head horrors accumulate.

939 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Horse.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

940 SHAKS. : *Richard III.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Hospitality.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

941 SHAKS. : *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted.

942 LONGFELLOW : *Evangeline*, Pt. I., iv.,
Line 15.

Host.

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost.

943 POPE : *Odyssey*, Bk. iv., Line 397.

Hour.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or
die.

944 EMERSON : *Quatrains*, *Nature*.

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies!
Life 's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies — alas! how soon he dies!

945 DR. JOHNSON : *Winter*, *An Ode*.

House.

For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';

There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

946 WILLIAM J. MICKLE: *Mariner's Wife*.

Humanity.

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.

947 WORDSWORTH: *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

948 LONGFELLOW: *Goblet of Life*.

Humility.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so.

949 CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *The Lowest Place*.

Hunger.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine.

950 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto iii., Line 21.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.

951 THOMSON: *Seasons, Winter*, Line 393.

Hunting.

The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled Morn.
The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sounds.

952 GAY: *Rural Sports*, Canto ii., Line 96.

Husband.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated
 with a clown,
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight
 to drag thee down.

953 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, St. 24.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises.

954 BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter*.

Hypocrisy.

This outward-sainted deputy, —
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
 As falcon doth the fowl, — is yet a devil.

955 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By His permissive will, through Heaven and Earth.

956 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iii., Line 682.

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
 In naked ugliness. He was a man
 Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
 To serve the devil in.

957 POLLOK: *Course of Time*, Pt. viii., Line 615.

I.

Ice.

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance.

958 WORDSWORTH: *Address to Kilchurn Castle*.

Idea.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

959 THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring*, Line 1149.

Idleness.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

960 COWPER: *Retirement*, Line 623.

Ignorance.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

961 SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.*, Act iv., Sc. 7.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

962 PRIOR: *To Hon. C. Montague*.

Where ignorance is bliss
'T is folly to be wise.

963 GRAY: *Ode on Eton College*.

Ills.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

964 BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter*.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

DR. JOHNSON: *Van. of Human Wishes*,
965 Line 159.

Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

966 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Imagination is the air of mind.

967 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. *Another and a Better World*.

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.

968 WORDSWORTH: *Yarrow Visited*.

Immortality.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

969 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Where music dwells
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

WORDSWORTH: *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*,
970 Pt. iii., xliii.

Impossibility.

And what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.

971 COLMAN, JR.: *Maid of the Moor*.

Impudence.

For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

972 BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts*, Line 17.

Inconstancy.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

973 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act ii., Sc. 3, *Song*.

There are three things a wise man will not trust —
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.

SOUTHEY: *Madoc*, Pt. ii., *Caradoc and Senena*,
974 Line 51.

Independence.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

975 SMOLLETT: *Ode to Independence*.

Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!

976 JOSEPH HOPKINSON: *Hail, Columbia!*

Indifference.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.

977 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?

978 CHURCHILL: *Ghost*, Bk. iv., Line 215.

Infancy.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

979 COLERIDGE: *Epitaph on an Infant*.

Infidelity.

If man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought,
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

980 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night vii., Line 199.

Influence.

No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. ii., Canto vi.,
981 St. 40.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

982 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 121.

Ingratitude.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

983 SHAKS.: *Tw. Night*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

984 SHAKS.: *King Lear*, Act i., Sc. 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

985 SHAKS.: *King Lear*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Inhumanity.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

986 BURNS: *Man was Made to Mourn*.

Inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.

987 SHENSTONE: *Lines on Window of Inn at Henley*.

Innocence.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

988 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.

989 DR. JOHNSON: *Van. of Human Wishes*, Line 293.

Instinct.

Then vainly the philosopher avers
That reason guides our deeds, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?

154 DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'T is the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

PRIOR: *Solomon on the V. of the World*, Bk. i.,
990 Line 231.

Invention.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd,
Once found, which yet unfound most would have
thought
Impossible!

991 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. vi., Line 498.

Iron.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

992 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Canto iii., Line 1.

Isle, Isles.

Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas.

993 ROBERT BROWNING: *Pippa Passes*, Pt. ii.

The sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea.

994 ROBERT BROWNING: *Cleon*.

Italy.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.

995 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 42.

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me

(When fortune's malice
Lost her Calais):

"Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy.'"

996 ROBERT BROWNING: *De Gustibus*, ii.

Ivy.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

997 DICKENS: *Pickwick Papers*, Ch. 6.

J.

January.

Then came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. vii., Canto vii.,
998 St. 42.

Jealousy.

O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

999 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

No true love there can be without
Its dread penalty — jealousy.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. ii., Canto i.,
1000 St. 24.

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

1001 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. v., Line 449.

Jest.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

1002 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Of all the griefs that harass the distress,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

1003 DR. JOHNSON: *London*, Line 166.

Jewel.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.

1004 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act i., Sc. 5.

Joke.

A college joke to cure the dumps.

1005 SWIFT: *Cassinus and Peter*.

Joy.

Capacity for joy
Admits temptation.

MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, Bk. i.,
1006 Line 703.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation.
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Time-piece of Creation.

1007 SCHILLER: *Hymn to Joy*.

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet *more* exquisite when past.

1008 JAMES MONTGOMERY: *The Little Cloud*.

Judgment.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

1009 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

1010 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

July.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. vii., Canto vii.,
1011 St. 36.

June.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Vision of Sir
1012 Launfal*.

Juries.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.

1013 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please make matter of fact
Run all on one side as they're packt.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto ii.,
1014 Line 365.

Justice.

And then, the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part.

1015 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

The gods
 Grow angry with your patience: 't is their care,
 And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
 As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.

1016 BEN JONSON: *Catiline*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
 Triumphs.

1017 LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*, Pt. I., iii., Line 34.

K.**Keys.**

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

1018 MILTON: *Lycidas*, Line 109.

Kin.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

1019 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

1020 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Kindness.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love.

1021 SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

That best portion of a good man's life, —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

WORDSWORTH: *Lines composed a few miles
1022 above Tintern Abbey.*

Kings.

What have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony?

1023 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Kings are like stars, — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

1024 SHELLEY: *Hellas*, Line 195.

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

1025 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 1.

Kissing.

Then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.

1026 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

1027 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

When my lips meet thine
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.

1028 H. H. BOYESEN: *Thy Gracious Face I
Greet with Glad Surprise.*

Her mouth's culled sweetness by thy kisses shed
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so led
Back to her mouth which answers there for all.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: *Love-Sweetness*,
1029 Sonnet xiii.

I rest content, I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair, in my delight:
I kiss my hand, and say, Good night.
1030 JOAQUIN MILLER: *Isles of the Amazons*, Pt. v.

One kiss — and then another — and another —
Till 't is too late to go — and so return.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy*, Act ii.,
1031 Sc. 10.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others.

1032 TENNYSON: *The Princess*, Pt. iv., Line 36.

Knavery.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

1033 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

Whip me such honest knaves.

1034 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Knell.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

1035 WILLIAM COLLINS: *Lines in 1746*.

Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

COWPER: *Verses supposed to be written by*
1036 *Alexander Selkirk*.

Knowledge.

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly.

1037 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. vii., Line 126.

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

1038 POPE : *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 397.

I know — is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth ;
And Life is perfected by Death !

1039 MRS. BROWNING : *Vision of Poets*, St. 330.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

1040 TENNYSON : *Locksley Hall*, Line 141.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.

1041 GRAY : *Elegy*, St. 13.

Oh, be wiser thou !
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love.

1042 WORDSWORTH : *Lines left upon a Seat in
a Yew-tree*.

L.

Labor.

I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

1043 SHAKS. : 3 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Labor, you know, is Prayer.

1044 BAYARD TAYLOR: *Improvisations*, St. 11.

Taste the joy
That springs from labor.

1045 LONGFELLOW: *Masque of Pandora*, Pt. vi.

To fall'n humanity our Father said,
That food and bliss should not be found unsought;
That man should labor for his daily bread;
But not that man should toil and sweat for nought.

1046 EBENEZER ELLIOTT: *Corn Law Hymns*.

To labor is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

1047 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. x., Line 78.

Ladies.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'T is to their changes half their charms we owe.

1048 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 41.

Lake.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale.

1049 JAMES G. PERCIVAL: *To Seneca Lake*.

Land.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!

1050 SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.,
St. 1.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood!

SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.,
1051 St. 2.

Landscape.

The low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape.

1052 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 490.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?

1053 JOHN DYER: *Grongar Hill*, Line 102.

Language.

Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Legend of Brittany*,
1054 Pt. i., St. 28.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

1055 LONGFELLOW: *Flowers*.

Lark.

Now hear the lark,
The herald of the morn; . . . whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens, so high above our heads, . . .
Some say the lark makes sweet division.

1056 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

1057 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. ii., Line 279.

Lass.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

1058 LADY NAIRNE: *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Latin.

That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth.

1059 BYRON: *Beppo*, St. 44.

Laughter.

Laughter, holding both his sides.

1060 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 32.

Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

1061 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. i., Line 770.

Law.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

1062 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

1063 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 386.

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

1064 SIR WILLIAM JONES: *Ode in Im. of Alcæus.*

Leaf — Leaves.

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.

1065 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil*, Act v.,
1066 Sc. 2.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found, —
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.

1067 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. vi., Line 181.

Learning.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary," —
That is some satire, keen and critical.

1068 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.

1069 FALCONER: *Shipwreck*, Canto i., Line 166.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

1070 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire i., Line 89.

Lending.

Loan oft loses both itself and friend.

1071 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)

But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.

1072 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Letters.

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
 And yet they seem alive, and quivering
 Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
 And let them drop down on my knee to-night.

MRS. BROWNING: *Sonnets fr. Portuguese*,
 1073 Sonnet xxviii.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
 Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
 In which we feel the pressure of a hand, —
 One touch of fire, — and all the rest is mystery!

LONGFELLOW: *Dedication to Seaside and*
 1074 *Fireside*, St. 5.

You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

1075 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., St. 86. 10.

Liberty.

I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please.

1076 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask,
 Content, though blind — had I no better guide.
 1077 MILTON: Sonnet xxii., *To Cyriack Skinner*.

When liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.

1078 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
1079 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. v., Line 882.

Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die.
1080 BURNS: *Bannockburn*.

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
1081 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 36.

Lies.

You told a lie; an odious, damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.
1082 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
1083 HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 13.

Life.

Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
1084 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.
1085 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. xi., Line 553.

Must we count
Life a curse and not a blessing, summed-up in its
whole amount,
Help and hindrance, joy and sorrow?
1086 ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz*, Line 206.

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
1087 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xv., St. 99.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
1088 BAYARD TAYLOR: *Autumnal Vespers*.

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.
 LONGFELLOW: *T. of a Wayside Inn*,
1089 *Emma and Eginkhard*.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore:
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.
1090 CARLYLE: *Cui Bono*.

Life 's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are
changing.
1091 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. iii.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold:
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day.
1092 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. ix., Line 524.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.
1093 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, lv., St. 2.

Light.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,

May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!

1094 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iii., Line 1.

But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

1095 BURNS: *The Vision*.

The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

WORDSWORDTH: *Suggested by a Picture of
1096 Peele Castle in a Storm*, St. 4.

Light, light, and light! to break and melt in
sunder

All clouds and chains that in one bondage bind
Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and wonder
And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife behind.

1097 SWINBURNE: *Eve of Revolution*, St. 10.

Lightning.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.

1098 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Lilies.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

1099 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.

1100 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 859.

Lincoln, Abraham.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
 Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
 Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
 Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
 Chosen for large designs, he had the art
 Of winning with his humor, and he went
 Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
 Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
 Upon his back a more than Atlas-load, —
 The burden of the Commonwealth, — was laid;
 He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
 Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
 Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give
 place
 To this dear benefactor of the Race.

1101 R. H. STODDARD: *Abraham Lincoln*.

Line.

Marlowe's mighty line.

1102 BEN JONSON: *To the Memory of Shakespeare*.

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the
 lofty line.

1103 SCOTT: *Marmion, Introduction to Canto i*.

Lion.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpowered.

1104 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Lips.

Her lips are roses over-washed with dew,
 Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;

No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

ROBERT GREENE: *From Menaphon.*

1105 *Menaphon's Ecl.*

Little.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.

1106 BURNS: *Contented wi' Little.*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

1107 GOLDSMITH: *The Hermit*, Ch. viii., St. 8.

Locks.

Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

1108 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.

1109 BURNS: *John Anderson.*

Logic.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i.,
Line 65.

1110

London.

London! the needy villain's general home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome!
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

1111 DR. JOHNSON: *London*, Line 83.

Longings.

Immortal longings in me.

1112 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Looks.

My only books
Were woman's looks, —
And folly's all they've taught me.

1113 MOORE: *The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

1114 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 223.

Lord.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!

1115 BYRON: *Lara*, Canto i., St. 2.

Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

1116 WOTTON: *Character of a Happy Life.*

Loss.

That loss is common would not make
 My own less bitter — rather more ;
 Too common ! Never morning wore
 To evening but some heart did break.

1117 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. vi.,
St. 2.

Love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

1118 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire ;
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

1119 SHAKS. : *Venus and A.*, Line 149.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel ;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.

1120 SPENSER : *Hymn in Honor of Love*.

How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear ?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear ?

1121 JEAN INGELow : *Supper at the Mill*. Song.

Instruct me now what love will do ;
'T will make a tongueless man to woo.
Inform me next what love will do ;
'T will strangely make a one of two.
Teach me besides what love will do ;
'T will quickly mar and make ye too.
Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
'T will hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

1122 SIR JOHN SUCKLING : *Aph. of Love*.

Love is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.

ROBERT BROWNING : *Flight of the Duchess*,
1123 Pt. xv.

Mutual love brings mutual delight —
Brings beauty, life ; for love is life, hate, death.

1124 R. H. DANA : *The Dying Raven*.

174 DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

Let those love now, who never loved before,
Let those who always loved, now love the more.

1125 PARNELL: *Trans. of Pervigilium Veneris*.

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows.

1126 PRIOR: *Henry and Emma*, Line 590.

And love, life's fine centre, includes heart and
mind.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. ii.,
1127 Canto i., St. 17.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

1128 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. xxvii., St. 4.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

1129 BURNS: *Song, Ae Fond Kiss*.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is — Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust.

1130 KEATS: *Lamia*, Pt. ii., Line 1.

Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?

1131 BYRON: *Lara*, Canto ii., St. 22.

There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.

1132 PRAED: *Legend of the Haunted Tree*.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence.

1133 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto i., St. 194.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green ;
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heaven and heaven is love.

SCOTT : *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii.,
 1134 St. 2.

True love is at home on a carpet,
 And mightily likes his ease, —
 And true love has an eye for a dinner,
 And starves beneath shady trees.
 His wing is the fan of a lady,
 His foot's an invisible thing,
 And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
 And shot from a silver string.

1135 WILLIS : *Love in a Cottage*.

What is love? 't is nature's treasure,
 'T is the storehouse of her joys ;
 'T is the highest heaven of pleasure,
 'T is a bliss which never cloys.

THOMAS CHATTERTON : *The Revenge*, Act i.,
 1136 Sc. 2.

Luxury.

O Luxury ! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
 How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !

1137 GOLDSMITH : *Des. Village*, Line 395.

Blest hour ! it was a luxury — to be !

COLERIDGE : *Reflections on Having Left a*
 1138 *Place of Retirement*.

M.

Madness.

I am not mad; — I would to heaven I were!
 For then, 't is like I should forget myself;
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

1139 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

1140 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

And moody madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

1141 GRAY: *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.

Man.

O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!

1142 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

1143 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

1144 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

1145 HERBERT: *The Temple*. *Man*.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.

1146 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 1.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!

1147 BURNS: *For a' That and a' That*.

Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

1148 HENRY VAUGHAN: *Rules and Lessons*.

Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.

1149 WHITTIER: *The Grave by the Lake*, St. 34.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.

1150 CARLYLE: *Cui Bono*.

Manners.

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.

1151 SHAKS.: *Tw. Night*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

1152 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. i., Line 172.

Marble.

And sleep in dull cold marble.

1153 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.

1154 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Philaster*,
Act v., Sc. 3.

March.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valleys flies.

1155 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *March*.

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

1156 HELEN HUNT: *March*.

Marriage.

The ancient saying is no heresy; —
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

1157 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act ii., Sc. 9.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

1158 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 5.

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures.

1159 FORD: *Broken Heart*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.

1160 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 750.

Marriage is the life-long miracle,
The self-begetting wonder, daily fresh.

1161 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy*,
Act ii., Sc. 9.

Martyrs.

Life has its martyrs, as brave, as strong, and as faithful,

E'en as the martyrs of death.

1162 H. H. BOYESEN: *Calpurnia*, Pt. iv.

A pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

1163 ALEXANDER SMITH: *A Life Drama*, Sc. 2.

Masters.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.

1164 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

1165 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Matter.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it,—'t was no matter what he said.

1166 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xi., St. 1.

May.

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!

1167 HELEN HUNT: *May*.

The new-born May,
As cradled yet in April's lap she lay.
Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

ERASMUS DARWIN: *L. of the Plants*,
1168 Canto ii., Line 307.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who, from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

1169 MILTON: *Song on May Morning*.

Meeting.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me.

1170 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Each hour until we meet is as a bird
That wings from far his gradual way along
The rustling covert of my soul, — his song
Still loudlier trilled through leaves more deeply
stirr'd :

But at the hour of meeting, a clear word
Is every note he sings, in Love's own tongue.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: *Winged Hours*,
1171 Sonnet xv.

Melancholy.

There 's such a charm in melancholy.

1172 ROGERS: *To* — .

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

1173 MILTON: *Il Penseroso*, Line 175.

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

1174 GRAY: *Elegy, The Epitaph*.

Melodies.

And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before !

1175 ROGERS: *Human Life*.

Memory.

Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.

1176 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

1177 WHITTIER: *Knight of St. John*.

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain.

1178 GEORGE LINLEY: *Song*.

Men.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

1179 DRYDEN: *All for Love*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

1180 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

1181 SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. v., Canto ii.,
St. 42.

Merit.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

1182 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. ii., Line 274.

Midnight.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: —
Lovers to bed; 't is almost fairy time.

1183 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.

1184 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. v., Line 667.

'T is midnight now. The bent and broken moon,
Batter'd and black, as from a thousand battles,
Hangs silent on the purple walls of heaven.

1185 JOAQUIN MILLER: *Ina*, Sc. 2.

Milton.

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.

1186 WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, Bk. i.

Mind.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

1187 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 254.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.

1188 ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*, Sc. 3.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.

JANE TAYLOR: *Essays in Rhyme*, Essay i.,
1189 St. 45.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.

1190 EDWARD DYER: *Ms. Rawl.*, 85, p. 17.

Mirth.

More merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

1191 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

1192 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 11.

As Tammie glow' red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

1193 BURNS: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Mischief.

O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

1194 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

1195 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto iii., St. 125.

Misery.

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

1196 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to gods is misery.

1197 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. v., Line 572.

Misfortune.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

1198 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 7.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.

1199 NICHOLAS ROWE: *Fair Penitent*. *Prologue*.

Mobs.

You have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.

1200 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and sties,
Swarm in the streets.

1201 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. vi., Line 704.

Mockery.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

1202 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Modesty.

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

1203 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.

1204 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Monarchs.

A morsel for a monarch.

1205 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act i., Sc. 5.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs.

1206 THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer*, Line 1285.

Money.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.

1207 SHAKS.: *Timon of A.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

He had rolled in money like pigs in mud.

1208 HOOD: *Miss Kilmansegg*.

'T is true we 've money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto ii.,
1209 Line 1327.

Get money; still get money, boy,
No matter by what means.

BEN JONSON: *Every Man in His*
1210 *Humour*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Months.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

1211 *Common in the New England States.*

Monuments.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

1212 SHAKS.: *Sonnet 55*.

Mood.

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.

1213 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i. Line 549.

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.

1214 SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v., St. 30.

Moon.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

1215 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 604.

How like a queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!

1216 GEORGE CROLY: *Diana*.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.

1217 JOHN LOWE: *Mary's Dream*.

Morality.

Religion blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.

1218 POPE: *Dunciad*, Bk. iv., Line 649.

Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love.

1219 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.

1220 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 641.

Night wanes—the vapors round the mountains
curl'd

Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

1221 BYRON: *Lara*, Canto ii., St. 1.

The moon is carried off in purple fire:
Day breaks at last.

ROBERT BROWNING: *Return of the Druses*,
1222 Act i.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high.

1223 WATTS: *Psalm v.*

Mortality.

All, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.

1224 SPENSER: *Ruins of Time*, Line 55.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

1225 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Mother.

A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Legend of
1226 Brittany*, Pt. ii., St. 43.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

1227

COLERIDGE: *The Three Graves*.**Mountains.**

I know a mount, the gracious Sun perceives
First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world; and, vainly favored, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow.

ROBERT BROWNING: *Rudel To The Lady
of Tripoli*.

1228

And to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.

1229

BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 72.**Mounting.**

I mount and mount toward the sky,
The eagle's heart is mine,
I ride to put the clouds a-by
Where silver lakelets shine.
The roaring streams wax white with snow,
The eagle's nest draws near,
The blue sky widens, hid peaks glow,
The air is frosty clear.
And so from cliff to cliff I rise,
The eagle's heart is mine;
Above me ever broadning skies,
Below the rivers shine.

1230

HAMLIN GARLAND: *Mounting*.**Mourning.**

We must all die!
All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,

Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that
does so
Need lamentation for him?

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Valentinian*,
1231 Act iv., Sc. 4.

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.
1232 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., St. 108.

Murder.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
1233 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
1234 DRYDEN: *Cock and Fox*, Line 285.

Music.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
1235 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
1236 KEATS: *Eve of St. Agnes*, St. 3.

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
1237 CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm.
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

1238 POPE: *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, St. 7.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possest beyond the Muse's painting.

1239 COLLINS: *The Passions*, Line 1.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
 Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
 And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
 A thousand melodies unheard before.

1240 ROGERS: *Human Life*, Line 362.

A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

1241 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *The Voiceless*.

N.

Name.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet.

1242 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

1243 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. ii., Line 5.

Nature.

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.

1244 BARRY CORNWALL: *Above and Below*.

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy
grace!

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. i., Canto v.,
1245 St. 28.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

1246 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Thanatopsis*.

News — Newspapers.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

1247 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry IV.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Evil news rides post, while good news baits.

1248 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 1538.

Turn to the press — its teeming sheets survey,
 Big with the wonders of each passing day;
 Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and
 wrecks,
 Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken
 necks.

1249

SPRAGUE: *Curiosity*.**Newton.**

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

POPE: *Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac*

1250

Newton.

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!
 Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
 That he himself felt only "like a youth
 Picking up shells by the great ocean — Truth."

1251

BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto vii., St. 5.**New Year.**

The wave is breaking on the shore, —
 The echo fading from the chime —
 Again the shadow moveth o'er
 The dial-plate of time!

1252

WHITTIER: *The New Year*.**Niagara.**

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty; . . . God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
 Mantles around thy feet.

1253

MRS. SIGOURNEY: *Niagara*.**Night.**

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes.

1254

SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Now began
 Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
 The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
 And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.
 1255 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. i., Line 499.

Awful Night!
 Ancestral mystery of mysteries.
 1256 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. iv.

Night, night it is, night upon the palms.
 Night, night it is, the land wind has blown.
 Starry, starry night, over deep and height;
 Love, love in the valley, love all alone.
 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Feast of Famine*.
 1257

Night is the time to weep,
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years.
 JAMES MONTGOMERY: *The Issues of Life and Death*.
 1258

Nightingale.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 • How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise, and true perfection!
 1259 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill.
 1260 MILTON: *Sonnet 1*.

O.

Oak.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

1267 KEATS: *Hyperion*, Bk. i.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long!

1268 HENRY F. CHORLEY: *The Brave Old Oak*.

Oars.

The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

1269 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Oaths.

'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

1270 SHAKS.: *All 's Well*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.

1271 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 197.

Obedience.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.

1272 SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Obedience is the Christian's crown.

1273 SCHILLER: *Fight with the Dragon*, St. 24.

Observation.

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.

1274 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Ocean.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

1275 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 179.

One height
Showed him the ocean, stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.
1276 GEORGE ELIOT: *Legend of Jubal*, Line 506.

October.

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
1277 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *October*, 1866.

October's foliage yellows with his cold.
1278 RUSKIN: *The Months*.

Offence.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
1279 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.

1280 POPE: *Eloisa to A.*, Line 192.

Old Age.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

1281 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

1282 HOOD: *Ballad*.

Opinion.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

1283 SHAKS.: *Pericles*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

1284 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto iii.,
Line 547.

Opportunity.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.

1285 SHAKS.: *R. of Lucrece*, Line 876.

Oracle.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
1286 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Oratory.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
1287 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iv., Line 267.

Order.

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
1288 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 49.

Ornament.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.
1289 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Owl.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.
1290 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

P.

Pain.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing.
1291 SHAKS.: *R. of Lucrece*, Line 334.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
1292 MARGARET J. PRESTON: *Sonnet. Nature's Lesson*.

The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics numbing pain.

1293 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Prologue, v., St. 2.

Painter.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

1294 SHELLEY: *Revolt of Islam*, Canto v., St. 23.

Palm.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

1295 HEBER: *Palestine*.

Pan.

And they heard the words it said, —
“Pan is dead! great Pan is dead!
Pan, Pan is dead!”

1296 MRS. BROWNING: *The Dead Pan*.

Pang.

And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise.

1297 GOLDSMITH: *The Captivity*, Act ii.

Paradise.

’T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

1298 KEBLE: *Burial of the Dead*.

Pardon.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne’er pardon who have done the wrong.

1299 DRYDEN: *Conquest of Granada*, Pt. ii.,
Act i., Sc. 2.

Parents.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

1300 DEFOE: *True-Born Englishman*, Pt. i., Line 1.

Parting.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

1301 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer.

1302 LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo*, Pt. I., i.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to
heal.

1303 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto i., St. 10.

Passion.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves.

1304 JOHN FLETCHER: *The Nice Valour*,
Act iii., Sc. 3.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

1305 SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *Silent Lover*.

Past, The.

Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint:
Each lost day has its patron saint.

1306 BRET HARTE: *The Lost Galleon*, Last St.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!

1307 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Chambered Nautilus*.

Patience.

How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

1308 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim.

1309 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

1310 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 1287.

Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens.

1311 LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo*, Pt. ii., 4.

There are times when patience proves at fault.

1312 ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*, Sc. 3.

Patriotism.

Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!

1313 FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris*.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore !

1314 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Voyage of
the Good Ship Union.*

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

1315 SAMUEL F. SMITH: *National Hymn.*

Sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !

1316 LONGFELLOW: *Building of the Ship.*

Peace.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

1317 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.

1318 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Why prate of peace ? when, warriors all,
We clank in harness into hall,
And ever bare upon the board
Lies the necessary sword.

1319 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Woodman.*

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.

1320

MILTON: Sonnet xvi.

Peace was on the earth and in the air.

1321 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Ages*, St. 30.

Pearls.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.

1322

SIR WILLIAM JONES: *A Persian Song of Hafiz*.

Pen.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

1323 BULWER-LYTTON: *Richelieu*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

This dull product of a scoffer's pen.

1324

WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, Bk. ii.

People.

And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the
praise?

1325

MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iii., Line 49.

Perfection.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

1326

SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Perjury.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

1327 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Perseverance.

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

1328 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Persuasion.

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.

1329 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. vii., Line 143.

Petitions.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.

1330 FIELDING: *Tom Thumb the Great*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Philosophy.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1331 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 476.

Physic.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

1332 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

1333 SHAKS.: *King Lear*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Piety.

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion ?

1334 BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts*, Line 295.

Pilot.

Oh pilot, 't is a fearful night !
There 's danger on the deep.

1335 THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY: *The Pilot*.

Pines.

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines.

1336 COLERIDGE: *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*.

Pipe.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe.

1337 BYRON: *The Island*, Canto ii., St. 19.

Pity.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

1338 SHAKS.: *Timon of A.*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

1339 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 161.

Place.

The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man !

MICHAEL J. BARRY: *The Dublin Nation*,
1340 Sept. 28, 1844.

Play.

The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.
1341 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Pleasure.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.
1342 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low.
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence*, Canto i.,
1343 St. 63.

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure
turns to pain.
1344 ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz*, Line 170.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.
1345 BURNS: *Tam o' Shanter*.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
1346 DRYDEN: *Alex. Feast*, Line 97.

Poetry — Poets.

It is not poetry that makes men poor ;
For few do write that were not so before.
1347 BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts*, Line 441.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
1348 HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 1.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.

1349 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. *Another and a Better*
World.

The poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven save in his worship.

1350 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. i.

God is the PERFECT POET,
Who in creation acts his own conceptions.

1351 ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*, Sc. 2.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.

1352 KEATS: *Epis. to George Felton Mathews*.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares. —
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.

1353 WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk*.

Pole.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

1354 BARTON BOOTH: *Song*.

Pomp.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary"!

1355 WHITTIER: *Lines on Burns*.

Poppies.

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain, —
So sinks the youth.

1356 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. viii., Line 371.

Popularity.

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

1357 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Bareheaded, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.

1358 DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite*, Bk. iii.,
Line 689.

Possession.

What we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

1359 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Possession means to sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you.

1360 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy*,
Act i., Sc. 2.

Poverty.

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

1361 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

1362 DRYDEN: *Wife of Bath*, Line 485.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

1363 SHELLEY: *Julian and Maddalo*.

In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.

1364 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xvii., Line 505.

Power.

What can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?

1365 DRYDEN: *Medal*, Line 235.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

1366 WORDSWORTH: *Rob Roy's Grave*.

Prairie.

Far in the East like low-hung clouds
The waving woodlands lie;
Far in the West the glowing plain
Melts warmly in the sky.
No accent wounds the reverent air, —
No footprint dints the sod, —
Low in the light the prairie lies
Rapt in a dream of God.

1367 JOHN HAY: *The Prairie*.

Praise.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

1368 SHAKS.: *All 's Well*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.

1369 POPE: *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 201.

Prayer.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

1370 SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

If by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

1371 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. xi., Line 307.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

1372 COLERIDGE: *Ancient Mariner*, Pt. vii.

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our
face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't.

1373 MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, Bk. ii.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

1374 TENNYSON: *Morte d'Arthur*, Line 247.

Preaching.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

1375 RICHARD BAXTER: *Love Breathing
Thanks and Praise.*

Present.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

1376 WHITTIER: *My Soul and I*, St. 34.

Press..

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain.

1377 JOSEPH STORY: *Motto of the "Salem
Register."*

Pride.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

1378 SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

1379 COLERIDGE: *The Devil's Thoughts.*

Priest.

No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

1380 MILTON: *Hymn on Christ's Nativity*, Line 173.

Primrose.

A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

1381 WORDSWORTH: *Peter Bell*, Pt. i., St. 12.

Printing.

Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind
 To stamp a lasting image of the mind!

1382 CRABBE: *The Library*, Line 69.

Some said, "John, print it"; others said, "Not so."
 Some said, "It might do good"; others said, "No."

BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Apology for his Book*.
 1383

Prison.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage.

1384 LOVELACE: *To Althea, from Prison*, iv.

Procrastination.

Procrastination is the thief of time:
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

1385 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night i., Line 393.

Prodigies.

When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
 "These are their reasons, — They are natural;"
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

1386 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Progress.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

1387 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, St. 69.

Promise.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense :
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

1388 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 8.

Proof.

Give me the ocular proof ;

Make me to see 't ; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on.

1389 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Prophecy.

Coming events cast their shadows before.

1390 CAMPBELL: *Lochiel's Warning*.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the cloud away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !

1391 BYRON: *Bride of Ab.*, Canto ii., St. 20.

Prose.

And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

1392 POPE: *Prol. to Satires*, Line 186.

And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.

1393 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. iv., Line 514.

Proselytes.

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

1394 BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts*, Line 315.

Prospects.

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

SAMUEL GARTH: *Dispensatory*, Canto iii.,
1395 Line 27.

Prosperity.

Prosperity 's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

1396 SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us.

1397 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 39.

Providence.

There 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

1398 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act v., Sc. 2.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.

1399 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 22.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

1400 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 205.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours.

1401 COWPER: *A Fable. Moral.*

Prudence.

Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked.

1402 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 643.

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.

1403 ROBERT LOWTH: *Choice of Hercules*, i.

Prudery.

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails, with lappet-head and mincing airs,
Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers.

1404 COWPER: *Truth*, Line 13.

Pulpit.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

1405 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 11.

Punishment.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings.
1406 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 699.

Purity.

'T is said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity.
1407 BYRON: *Siege of Corinth*, St. 21.

Purpose.

Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.
1408 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 5.

Purse.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thou-
sands.
1409 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Pygmies.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perchd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
1410 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night vi., Line 309.

Q.

Quacks.

Out, you impostors!
Quack-salving cheating mountebanks! — your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.
1411 MASSINGER: *Virgin-Martyr*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash —
Tincture of syrup, lotion, drop, or pill :
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill.

1412 CRABBE : *Borough*, Letter vii., Line 75.

Quakers.

Upright Quakers please both man and God.

1413 POPE : *Dunciad*, Bk. iv., Line 208.

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salaam;
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.

1414 HOOD : *All Round my Hat*.

Quarrels.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

1415 SHAKS. : *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 3.

They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

1416 GAY : *Fables*, Pt. i., Fable 34.

Queen.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

1417 POPE : *Iliad*, Bk. iii., Line 208.

Quickness.

With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common thought.

1418 POPE : *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 97.

Quiet.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.

1419 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 42.

Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past.

1420 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Cathedral*.

Quips.

Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles.

1421 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 25.

Quotation.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

1422 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

1423 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. iii., Line 103.

R.

Race.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

1424 RICHARD SAVAGE: *The Bastard*, Line 7.

Rage.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

1425 DRYDEN: *Alex. Feast*, Line 160.

Rain.

For the rain it raineth every day.

1426 SHAKS.: *Tw. Night*, Act v., Sc. 1.

How beautiful is the rain !
 After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain !

1427 LONGFELLOW : *Rain in Summer*, Sts. 1 and 2.

The rain comes when the wind calls.

1428 EMERSON : *Woodnotes*, Pt. ii., Line 271.

In winter, when the dismal rain
 Came down in slanting lines.

1429 ALEXANDER SMITH : *A Life Drama*, Sc. 2.

Rainbow.

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth.

1430 SHAKS. : *Tempest*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

That gracious thing made up of tears and light.

1431 COLERIDGE : *Two Founts*, St. 5.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose.

WORDSWORDTH : *Intimations of Immortality*,
 1432 St. 2.

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven :
 We know her woof, her texture ; she is given
 In the dull catalogue of common things.
 Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.

1433 KEATS : *Lamia*, Pt. ii.

Rank.

Superior worth your rank requires :
For that, mankind reveres your sires ;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

1434 GAY: *Fables*, Pt. ii., Fable 11.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

1435 BURNS: *For a' That and a' That.*

Raptures.

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell.

SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.,
1436 St. 1.

Rashness.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay.

1437 COWPER: *Conversation*, Line 145.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

1438 HOOD: *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Reading.

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains —
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

1439 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iv., Line 321.

When the last reader reads no more.

1440 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *The Last Reader.*

Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it.

1441 POPE: *Dunciad*, Bk. iv., Line 249.

Realms.

These are our realms, no limit to their sway, —
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

1442 BYRON: *Corsair*, Canto i., St. 1.

Reason.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

1443 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.

1444 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iii., Line 97.

I would make
Reason my guide.

1445 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus.*

The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

1446 WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

Indu'd
With sanctity of reason.

1447 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. vii., Line 507.

Rebellion.

Their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond.

1448 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry IV.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack.

1449 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto ii.,
Line 31.

Rebuff.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go !

1450 ROBERT BROWNING: *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

Rebuke.

Forbear sharp speeches to her ; She 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

1451 SHAKS.: *Cymbeline*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Reckoning.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

1452 GAY: *What D'ye Call It*, Act ii., Sc. 9.

Recollection.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.

1453 WORDSWORTH: *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

Reconciliation.

Never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
1454 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 98.

Records.

In records that defy the tooth of time.
1455 YOUNG: *The Statesman's Creed*.

Recreation.

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
1456 SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Of recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.
1457 IZAAK WALTON: *The Complete Angler*.
The Angler's Song.

Redress.

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress.
1458 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Reflection.

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
1459 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 225.

Reformation.

'T is the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation.

1460 DRYDEN: *Sophonisba*, Prologue.

Regret.

O last regret, regret can die!

1461 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, lxxviii., St. 5.

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
Oh death in life, the days that are no more!

1462 TENNYSON: *The Princess*, Pt. iv., Line 36.

Religion.

In Religion

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

1463 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.

1464 HENRY VAUGHAN: *Religion*.

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace.

YOUNG: *Public Situation of the Kingdom*,
1465 Line 500.

Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!

1466 COWPER: *Table Talk*, Line 17.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.

1467

HERBERT: *The Church Militant*.

Remedies.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

1468

SHAKS.: *All's Well*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Remembrance.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

1469

SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

1470

SHAKS.: *All's Well*, Act v., Sc. 3.

I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot.

1471

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night iv., Line 57.

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high:
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

1472

HOOD: *I Remember, I Remember*.

Remorse.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
 If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
 Of true repentance ; but if proud and gloomy,
 It is the poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
 Weeps only tears of poison.

1473 COLERIDGE : *Remorse*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Renown.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown.

1474 POPE : *Iliad*, Bk. ix., Line 535.

Repartee.

A man renown'd for repartee
 Will seldom scruple to make free
 With friendship's finest feeling,
 Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
 And say he wounded you in jest,
 By way of balm for healing.

1475 COWPER : *Friendship*, Line 16.

Repentance.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
 Is nor of heaven nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased.

1476 SHAKS. : *Two Gent. of V.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long !

1477 SCHILLER : *Lay of the Bell*, St. 4.

Repentance is the weight
 Of indigested meals eat yesterday.

1478 GEORGE ELIOT : *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. ii.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest.

1479 THOMSON : *Seasons, Spring*, Line 996.

Repose.

The best of men have ever loved repose :
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence*, Canto i.,
1480 St. 17.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

1481 JAMES ALDRICH: *A Death-Bed*.

Reproof.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

1482 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. iii., Line 23.

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.

1483 LOVER: *Rory O'More*.

Reputation.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

1484 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

At every word a reputation dies.

1485 POPE: *R. of the Lock*, Canto iii., Line 16.

Resignation.

But Heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

1486 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

While Resignation gently slopes away,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

1487 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 110.

Resolution.

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

1488 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Respect.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

1489 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Rest.

Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread.

1490 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Rest is sweet after strife.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. i., Canto vi.,
1491 St. 25.

For too much rest itself becomes a pain.

1492 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xv., Line 429.

Results.

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old;
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.

1493 JULIA C. R. DORR: *To the Bouquet Club*.

Retirement.

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.

1494 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 16.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly.

1495 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 97.

Retreat.

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of the enemy.

1496 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto iii., Line 607.

Revelry.

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.

1497 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 103.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

1498 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 21.

Revenge.

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.

1499 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

1500 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 171.

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.

1501 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Canto vi., St. 7.

Reverence.

Let the air strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.

1502 MIDDLETON: *The Witch*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Revolution.

There is great talk of revolution,
And a great chance of despotism,
German soldiers, camps, confusion,
Tumults, lotteries, rage, delusion,
Gin, suicide, and Methodism.

1503 SHELLEY: *Peter Bell the Third, Hell*, St. 6.

Rhetoric.

For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

1504 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 8.

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.

1505 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 790.

Rhine.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.

1506 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 55.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

1507

COLERIDGE: *Cologne*.

Rhyme.

Still may syllables jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme.

1508 BEN JONSON: *Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme*.

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

1509

MILTON: *Lycidas*, Line 10.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

1510 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 463.

Riches.

Infinite riches in a little room.

1511

MARLOWE: *The Jew of Malta*, Act i.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

1512 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. ii., Line 453.

Ridicule.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong
mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty
laugh.

1513

TUPPER: *Proverbial Phil., Of Ridicule*.

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

1514 POPE: *Satire i.*, Bk. ii., Line 76.

Right.

But 't was a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right, and there he would abide.

1515 CRABBE: *Tales*: Tale xv., *The Squire and the Priest.*

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

1516 FREDERICK W. FABER: *The Right Must Win.*

And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

1517 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. i., Line 289.

Rivers.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

1518 MARLOWE: *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.*

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea.

1519 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

The river glideth at his own sweet will.

1520 WORDSWORTH: *Earth has not anything to show more fair.*

Robbery.

I'll example you with thievery :
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea ; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears ; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing 's a thief.

1521 SHAKS. : *Timon of A.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Rock.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

1522 BYRON : *Giaour*, Line 969.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

1523 TOPLADY : *Salvation through Christ*.

Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

1524 SCOTT : *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v., St. 10.

Rod.

His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power.

1525 MILTON : *Comus*, Line 816.

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove.

1526 WORDSWORTH : *Ode to Duty*.

Roman.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

1527 SHAKS. : *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

1528 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Romance.

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages.

1529 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., St. 8.

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

1530 WORDSWORTH: *A Narrow Girdle of Rough
Stones and Crags*.

Rome.

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

1531 EDGAR A. POE: *To Helen*.

Rose.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

1532 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act i., Sc. 1.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

1533 SHAKS.: *Sonnet liv*.

You love the roses — so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush.

1534 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. iii.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

1535 KEATS: *Eve of St. Agnes*, St. 27.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair ;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.

1536 CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI : *Consider the
Lilies of the Field.*

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew !
In quiet she reposes ;
Ah, would that I did too.

1537 MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Requiescat.*

Rousseau.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction — he, who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.

1538 BYRON : *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 77.

Royalty.

O wretched state of Kings ! O doleful fate !
Greatness misnamed, in misery only great !
Could men but know the endless woe it brings,
The wise would die before they would be Kings.
Think what a King must do !

1539 R. H. STODDARD : *The King's Bell.*

Ruin.

Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
For the screech-owl to build her baleful bower.

1540 SPENSER : *Ruins of Time*, Line 127.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.

1541 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. i., Line 385.

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.

1542 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. iv., Line 196.

Ruling Passions.

In men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

1543 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 207.

Rumor.

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

1544 SHAKS.: *Henry IV.*, Pt. ii., Induction.

Rural Life.

Of men
The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

1545 THOMSON: *Seasons, Autumn*, Line 1132.

S.

Sabbath.

The Sabbath bell,
That over wood, and wild, and mountain dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.
1546 ROGERS: *Human Life*, Line 515.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *A Rhymed*
1547 *Lesson. Urania.*

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
1548 POPE: *Epis. to Arbuthnot*, Line 12.

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest.
1549 DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar*, Act v., Sc. 2.

The Sabbath brings its kind release,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *A Rhymed*
1550 *Lesson*, Line 229.

Take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.
1551 LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo*, Pt. i., 5.

Sailors.

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down.
1552 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
 The winds and waves that wake or sleep,
 Thy tender arms of mercy fold
 Around the seamen on the deep.

1553 HANNAH F. GOULD: *Changes on the Deep*.

Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.

1554 GEORGE A. STEVENS: *The Storm*.

Sails.

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them.

1555 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight;
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gayly curl the waves before each dashing prow.

1556 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 17.

Saints.

And now the saints began their reign,
 For which they 'd yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,
 To see an empire, all of kings.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto ii.,
 1557 Line 237.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

1558 POPE: *Satire iv.*, Line 26.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

1559 WATTS : *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.

1560 TICKELL: *On the Death of Mr. Addison*, Line 41.

That saints will aid if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all.

1561 COLERIDGE: *Christabel*, Conclusion to Pt. i.

Salt.

Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

1562 GAY: *Fables*, Pt. i., Fable 37.

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight.

1563 BYRON: *Corsair*, Canto ii., St. 4.

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.

1564 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xi., Line 153.

Salvation.

About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't.

1565 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation.

1566 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Sands.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtesied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist.

1567 SHAKS. : *Tempest*, Act i., Sc. 2

Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.

BEAUMONT : *On the Tombs of Westminster Abbey*.
 1568

Satan.

To whom the arch-enemy,
 And thence in heaven call'd Satan,—with bold
 words
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

1569 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 81.

For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

1570 WATTS : *Divine Songs*, Song 20.

And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

1571 COWPER : *Exhortation to Prayer*.

Satiety.

They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.

1572 SHAKS. : 1 *Henry IV.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades
 below.

1573 BYRON : *Ch. Harold*, Canto i., St. 6.

Satire.

Satire 's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hector's,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

1574 POPE: *Satire i.*, Line 69.

Prepare for rhyme — I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

1575 BYRON: *Eng. Bards*, Line 5.

In general satire, every man perceives
A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves.

1576 CRABBE: *Advice*, Line 244.

Savage.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

1577 DRYDEN: *Conquest of Granada*, Pt. i.,
Act i., Sc. 1.

Scandal.

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

1578 SHAKS.: *Lucrece*, Line 1006.

You know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them.

1579 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
And all lips were applied unto all ears!

The elder ladies' wrinkles curled much crisper
As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
On one another, and each lovely lisper
Smiled as she talked the matter o'er: but tears
Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army that stood by.

1580 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto ix., St. 78.

Scars.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

1581 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Gashed with honorable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie.

1582 JAMES MONTGOMERY: *Battle of Alexandria*.

Scenes.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise.

1583 ADDISON: *A Letter from Italy*.

Scepticism.

Oh! lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread ex-
pense,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
Content to feed with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?

1584 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. ii., Line 295.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

1585 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 131.

Sceptre.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.

1586 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Scholar.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

1587 SHAKS. : *Henry VIII.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.

1588 BURNS : *The Twa Dogs*.

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.

1589 GOLDSMITH : *Traveller*, Line 356.

School.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

1590 SHAKS. : *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view, —
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.

1591 GOLDSMITH : *Des. Village*, Line 193.

Science.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide ;
First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts ;
 Then see how little the remaining sum
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come.
 1592 POPE : *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 43.

O star-eyed Science ! hast thou wander'd there,
 To waft us home the message of despair ?
 1593 CAMPBELL : *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. ii., Line 325.

Scorn.

Scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
 1594 SHAKS. : *Two Gent. of V.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Alas ! to make me
 The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
 To point his slow and moving finger at.
 1595 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn !
 1596 BYRON : *Curse of Minerva*, Line 207.

He hears,
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn.
 1597 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. x., Line 506.

Scotland.

Stands Scotland where it did ?
 1598 SHAKS. : *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.
 1599 BURNS : *Cotter's Saturday Night*, St. 20.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand.

1600 BURNS: *A' for our Rightfu' King*.

Scribblers.

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.

1601 BYRON: *English Bards*, Line 43.

Scripture.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand, —
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

1602 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night ix., Line 644.

Sculpture.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is Sculpture.

1603 LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo*, Pt. i., 5.

A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty.

1604 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Flood of Years*.

Sea.

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

1605 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

1606 BARRY CORNWALL: *The Sea*.

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

1607

TENNYSON: *To the Queen.*

'T was when the sea was roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

1608 JOHN GAY: *What D'ye Call It*, Act ii., Sc. 8.

Sea-weed.

A weary weed, toss'd to and fro,
Drearily drench'd in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine, —
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery, —
Growth and grace in their place appear.

1609

CORNELIUS G. FENNER: *Gulf-Weed.*

Seasons.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed: . . .
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into man. . . .
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage; . . .
Last, *Winter* creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face.

1610 DRYDEN: *Of Pythagorean Phil.* From 15th
Book *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Line 206.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change, — all please alike.

1611 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 639.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

1612 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iii., Line 40.

Seat.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!

1613 LEIGH HUNT: *Politics and Poetics*.

Secrecy.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.

1614 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.

1615 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 't is out.

1616 BEN JONSON: *Case is Altered*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Sects.

His liberal soul with every sect agreed,
Unheard their reasons, he received their creed.

1617 CRABBE: *Tales, Convert*, Line 45.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.

1618 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 331.

Security.

You all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

1619 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 5.

Seed.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from
such a seed.

1620 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 10.

Self.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.

1621 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 24.

Selfishness.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.,
1622 St. 1.

Self-Conceit.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

1623 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. i., Line 2.

Self-Control.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
away,
. . . by a gentle decay.

DR. WALTER POPE: *The Old Man's Wish*,
1624 Chorus.

Self-Defence.

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right.

1625 BYRON: *Sardanapalus*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Self-Denial.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

1626 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Self-Dispraise.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

1627 WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion*, Bk. iv.

Self-Esteem.

Oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd.

1628 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. viii., Line 571.

Self-Knowledge.

To know *thyself* — in others self-concern;
Would'st thou know others? read *thyself* — and
learn!

1629 SCHILLER: *Votive Tablets, The Key*.

Self-Love.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

1630 SHAKS. : *Henry V.*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

1631 POPE : *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 59.

Self-Reproach.

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach.

1632 WORDSWORTH : *The Old Cumberland Beggar*.

Self-Respect.

He that respects himself is safe from others ;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

1633 LONGFELLOW : *Michael Angelo*, Pt. ii.

Self-Sacrifice.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

1634 WORDSWORTH : *Ode to Duty*.

Sense.

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

1635 SHAKS. : *M. for M.*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

1636 POPE : *Moral Essays*, Epis. iv., Line 43.

Sensibility.

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

1637 COWPER: *Conversation*, Line 351.

Sweet sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!

1638 HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility*, Line 227.

Separation.

Thy soul . . .
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl in the depths of the sea,
From the portionless king that would wear it.

1639 E. C. STEDMAN: *Stanzas for Music*, St. 3.

September.

September waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields
A-playing with the swallows.

1640 ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON: *The Prince*.

Sermons.

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

1641 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

1642 BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

Serpent.

What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?

1643 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Where's my serpent of old Nile?

1644 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act i., Sc. 5.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

1645 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 131.

Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all.

1646 MOORE: *Paradise and the Peri*.

Service.

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely.

1647 CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue,
Line 122.

And ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

1648 EMERSON: *Boston Hymn*, St. 13.

Sex.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

1649 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both.

1650 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 423.

Sexton.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,

Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! Scarce a skull's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.

1651 BLAIR: *The Grave*, Line 452.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

1652 HOOD: *Faithless Sally Brown*.

Shadow.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

1653 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle.

1654 MILTON: *Par. Regained*, Bk. iv., Line 70.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

 JOHN FLETCHER: *Upon an "Honest
1655 Man's Fortune."*

Shaft.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both.

1656 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 1.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

1657 WALLER: *To a Lady Singing a Song of
his Composing.*

Shakespeare.

Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee room;
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

1658 BEN JONSON: *Underwoods, To the Mem.
of Shakespeare.*

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!

1659 MRS. BROWNING: *Vision of Poets*, St. 101.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

1660 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 129.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd
bones,—
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

1661 MILTON: *On Shakespeare.*

Shame.

O, shame! where is thy blush?

1662 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

But 'neath yon crimson tree
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame.

1663 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Autumn Woods*.

Shape.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble.

1664 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.

1665 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 681.

Shell.

I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely.

1666 WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion*, Bk. iv.

Shelley.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems, and new!

1667 ROBERT BROWNING: *Memorabilia*, i.

Sheridan.

Long shall we seek his likeness — long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan.

1668 BYRON: *Monody on the Death of Sheridan*.

Shield.

When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield.

1669 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto iii.

Ships.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

1670 MARLOWE: *Faustus*.

Like sister sails that drift at night
Together on the deep,
Seen only where they cross the light
That pathless waves must pathlike keep
From fisher's signal fire, or pharos steep.

1671 RUSKIN: *The Broken Chain*, Pt. v., St. 25.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

1672 BYRON: *Corsair*, Canto i., St. 3.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

1673 COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*, Pt. ii.

Shipwreck.

O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! poor souls! they perish'd.

1674

SHAKS.: *Tempest*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting Vessel on the Rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes,
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the Tide.

1675 FALCONER: *Shipwreck*, Canto iii., Line 642.

Shoes.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

1676 JAMES SMITH: *Rejected Addresses, The
Baby's Début.*

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,
Thro' freezing snows, and rain, and soaking sleet.

1677 GAY: *Trivia*, Bk. i., Line 33.

Shore.

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

1678 EMERSON: *Each and All.*

There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

1679 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 178.

A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill!

Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities them

Unhappy folks on shore now!

1680 WILLIAM PITT: *The Sailor's Consolation*.

Show.

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

1681 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 8.

With books and money plac'd for show

Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,

And for his false opinion pay.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto iii.,

1682 Line 624.

Shrine.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine,

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine.

1683 HEMANS: *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*.

Sickness.

This sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise.

1684 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Sighs.

My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.

1685 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

He sighed; — the next resource is the full moon,

Where all sighs are deposited; and now

It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone.

1686 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xvi., St. 13.

Sight.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

1687 GRAY: *The Bard*, Pt. iii., St. 1.

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.

1688 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto i., St. 15.

Signs.

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish:
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

1689 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act iv., Sc. 12.

Silence.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

1690 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

1691 SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *Silent Lover*, St. 6.

Silence more musical than any song.

1692 CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *Rest*.

Silence accompany'd ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleas'd.

1693 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 598.

There was silence deep as death, •
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

1694 CAMPBELL: *Battle of the Baltic*.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be, —
 In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

1695 HOOD: *Sonnet, Silence*.

Silver.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

1696 SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Similarity.

Like will to like : each creature loves his kind,
 Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

1697 HERRICK: *Aph. Like Loves His Like*.

Simplicity.

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captive ill.

1698 SHAKS.: *Sonnet lxxvi*.

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are.
In his simplicity sublime.

TENNYSON: *Ode on the Death of the Duke
of Wellington*, St. 4.
1699

Sin.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled.

1700 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.

1701 SHAKS.: *Pericles*, Act i., Sc. 1.

In lashing sin, of every stroke beware,
For sinners feel, and sinners you must spare.

1702 CRABBE: *Tales, Advice*, Line 242.

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

1703 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. ii., Line 357.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

1704 BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

1705 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 215.

Sincerity.

I never tempted her with word too large,
 But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
 Bashful sincerity and comely love.

1706 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his
 mouth:

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.

1707 SHAKS.: *Coriolanus*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Singing.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

1708 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Sing, seraph with the glory! heaven is high.

Sing, poet with the sorrow! earth is low.

The universe's inward voices cry

"Amen" to either song of joy and woe.

Sing, seraph, poet! sing on equally!

1709 MRS. BROWNING: *Sonnets, Seraph and Poet*.

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart

In this my singing!

For the stars help me, and the sea bears part.

1710 ROBERT BROWNING: *In a Gondola*.

I do but sing because I must,

And pipe but as the linnets sing.

1711 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. xxi., St. 6.

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.

1712 SCHILLER: *Artists*, St. 11.

Singularity.

No two on earth in all things can agree ;
All have some darling singularity.

1713 CHURCHILL: *Apology*, Line 402.

Sister.

Oh, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister.

1714 SHAKS.: *Cymbeline*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Skill.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

1715 WOTTON: *Character of a Happy Life*.

Skull.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, its portals foul ;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.

1716 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 6.

Sky.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

1717 MRS. BARBAULD: *The Invitation*.

The sky is changed, — and such a change. O night
And storm and darkness ! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman !

1718 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 92.

Slander.

Slandereous reproaches, and foul infamies,
 Leasings, backbitings, and vainglorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries ;
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

SPENSER : *Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii., Canto xi.,
 1719 St. 10.

'T is slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword : whose
 tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world, — kings, queens, and
 states,
 Maids, matrons, — nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.

1720 SHAKS. : *Cymbeline*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

'T was slander filled her mouth with lying words, —
 Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.

1721 POLLOK : *Course of Time*, Bk. viii., Line 715.

Slave — Slavery.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favor never clasp'd : but bred a dog.

1722 SHAKS. : *Timon of A.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not color'd like his own, and having pow'r
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

1723 COWPER : *Task*, Bk. ii., Line 12.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

1724 DAVID GARRICK : *Prologue to the Gamesters*.

Whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
1725 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xvii., Line 392.

Sleep.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
1726 SHAKS.: *Tempest*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
1727 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Come, sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: *Astrophel and Stella*,
1728 St. 39.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles — the wretched he forsakes.
1729 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night i., Line 1.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth!
1730 KEATS: *Endymion*, Line 456.

Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
1731 BYRON: *Dream*, Line 1.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

1732 SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake*, Canto i., St. 31.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

1733 MRS. BROWNING: *Sleep*.

Be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep.

LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend*,
1734 Pt. ii.

Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry number —
Let him come to thee and be thy guest.

1735 AYTOUN: *Hermotimus*.

Sloth.

Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, but impotent to rise.

1736 SHENSTONE: *Moral Pieces*.

Sluggard.

'T is the voice of the sluggard; I heard him com-
plain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber
again."

1737 WATTS: *The Sluggard*.

Smiles.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

1738 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

1739 BRET HARTE: *Plain Language from Truthful James*.

Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled.

1740 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 845.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man? — a world without a sun.

1741 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. ii., Line 21.

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

1742 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 183.

Smoke.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near.

1743 MOORE: *Ballad Stanzas*.

Snail.

The snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again.

1744 SHAKS.: *Venus and A.*, Line 1033.

Snake.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

1745 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Snow.

Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

1746 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

A cheer for the snow — the drifting snow;
Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow;
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.

1747 ELIZA COOK: *Snow*.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven.

1748 EMERSON: *The Snow-Storm*.

Snow-Drop.

The snow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train.

1749 CHURCHILL: *Gotham*, Bk. i., Line 245.

Snuff.

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

1750 GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation*, Line 145.

Lady, accept the gift a hero wore
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff.

1751 BYRON: *Lines to Lady Holland*.

Society.

Man in society is like a flower
 Blown in its native bed; 't is there alone
 His faculties expanded in full bloom
 Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
 1752 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. iv., Line 659.

Society became my glittering bride,
 And airy hopes my children.
 1753 WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, Bk. iii.

Soldier.

A soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.
 1754 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

And but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 1755 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
 won.
 1756 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 155.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
 Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
 1757 MOORE: *To Thomas Hume*.

Solitude.

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

1758 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 249.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

COWPER: *Verses supposed to be written by*
1759 *Alex. Selkirk*, St. 1.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.

JEAN INGELow: *Afternoon at a Parsonage*,
1760 *Afterthought*.

It was a wild and lonely ride.
Save the hid loon's mocking cry,
Or marmot on the mountain side,
The earth was silent as the sky.

1761 HAMLIN GARLAND: *The Long Trail*.

Son.

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

1762 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

1763 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire ii., Line 165.

Song.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

1764 DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. i.,
Line 197.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.

1765 POPE: *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 340.

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

1766 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xxii., Line 382.

Sonnet.

Scorn not the sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

1767 WORDSWORTH: *Scorn not the Sonnet*.

Sorrow.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

1768 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.

1769 SHAKS.: *Pericles*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.

1770 BAILEY: *Festus*, Sc. Home.

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

1771 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, St. 38.

Soul.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state.

1772 DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite*, Bk. iii.,
Line 2120.

It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate
To shape the outward to its own estate.

1773 R. H. DANA: *Thoughts on the Soul*.

The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.

1774 WORDSWORTH: *Laodamia*.

Sound.

'T is not enough no harshness gives offence, —
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

1775 POPE: *E. on Criticism*, Pt. ii., Line 162.

Spain.

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!

1776 MRS. HEMANS: *Abencerrage*, Canto ii.,
Line 1.

Spear.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral were but a wand.

1777 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 292.

Speech.

Rude am I in my speech
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.

1778 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer.

1779 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. 1.

Spenser.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground.

1780 THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer*, Line 1574.

Spires.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains!
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."

1781 WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, Bk. vi., Line 17.

Spirits.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

1782 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

1783 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 677.

Splendor.

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.

1784 WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality*,
St. 10.

Sport.

Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
 And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season desolate the fields.

1785 THOMSON: *Seasons, Winter*, Line 788.

Spring.

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd
 dove;
 In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
 thoughts of love.

1786 TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*, Line 19.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
 And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

1787 THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring*, Line 1.

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!"—
 Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
 How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
 There's no such season.

1788 HOOD: *Spring*.

Stage.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players,
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.

1789 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

Stars.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

1790 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number !

1791 HERRICK: *Aph. Night Piece, To Julia.*

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of Heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you.

1792 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 88.

Now only here and there a little star
Looks forth alone.

1793 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Constellations.*

State.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state :
An hour may lay it in the dust.

1794 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 84.

Statesman.

An honest statesman to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring ;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow.

1795 WEBSTER: *Duchess of Malfi*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Steed.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky, —
The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —
There with the glorious General's name

Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester, — twenty miles away !"

1796 THOMAS BUCHANAN READ : *Sheridan's Ride*.

Stones.

Put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

1797 SHAKS. : *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Storms.

We often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death.

1798 SHAKS. : *Hamlet*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea
 And rides upon the storm.

1799 COWPER : *Light Shining out of Darkness*.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

1800 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES : *Old Ironsides*.

Story.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortune ,
 That I have passed.

1801 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.

1802 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Strangers.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourn'd.

POPE: *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, Line 51.
1803

Streets.

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

1804 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Strength.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

1805 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

To be strong
Is to be happy!

LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend*,
1806 Pt. ii.

Strife.

No fears to beat away, no strife to heal, —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

1807 WORDSWORTH: *Laodamia*.

Striving.

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

1808 SHAKS.: *King Lear*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

1809 SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost*, Act i., Sc. 1.

If not to some peculiar end design'd
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.

1810 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire ii., Line 67.

Style.

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks.

BUTLER: *Sat. on Abuse of Human Learning*,
1811 Line 211.

Success.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?

1812 SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Life lives only in success.

1813 BAYARD TAYLOR: *Amran's Wooing*, St. 5.

'T is not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius — we'll deserve it.

1814 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Suffering.

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone.

1815 WORDSWORTH: *Laodamia*.

Suicide.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

1816 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

— He

That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it ;
And at the best shows but a bastard valor.

1817 MASSINGER: *Maid of Honor*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Summer.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.

1818 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto iii., St. 86. 1.

It is a sultry day ; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.

1819 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Summer Wind*.

Sun.

The glorious sun,
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.

1820 SHAKS.: *King John*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows and through curtains call on us?
 1821 JOHN DONNE: *The Sun-Rising*.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched.
 1822 ROBERT BROWNING: *Apparent Failure*, vii.

Sunflower.

Light enchanted sunflower, thou
 Who gazest ever true and tender
 On the sun's revolving splendor!

 Restless sunflowers, cease to move.
 1823 SHELLEY: *Tr. of "Magico Prodigioso" of Calderon*, Sc. 3.

The heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
 1824 MOORE: *Believe Me, If all Those Endearing Young Charms*.

Miles and miles of gold and green
 Where the sunflowers blow
 In a solid glow.
 1825 ROBERT BROWNING: *Lovers' Quarrel*, St. 6.

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
 Ray round with flames her disk of seed.
 1826 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. ci., St. 2.

Sunrise.

When from the opening chambers of the east
The morning springs in thousand liveries drest,
The early larks their morning tribute pay,
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day.

1827 THOMSON: *The Morning in the Country*.

'T is morn. Behold the kingly Day now leaps
The eastern wall of earth with sword in hand,
Clad in a flowing robe of mellow light.
Like to a king that has regain'd his throne,
He warms his drooping subjects into joy,
That rise rejoiced to do him fealty,
And rules with pomp the universal world.

1828 JOAQUIN MILLER: *Ina*, Sc. 2.

Sunset.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

1829 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act v., Sc. 3.

O the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October
day.

1830 JULIA C. R. DORR: *Margery Grey*, St. 24.

The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.

1831 LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo*, Pt. i., 2.

The sun is going down,
And I must see the glory from the hill.

1832 GEORGE ELIOT: *Agatha*.

Sunshine.

See the gold sunshine patching,
And streaming and streaking across
The gray-green oaks ; and catching,
By its soft brown beard, the moss.

1833 BAILEY : *Festus*, Sc. *The Surface*.

As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

1834 MOORE : *The Fire-Worshippers*.

Surfeit.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint.

1835 SHAKS. : *M. for M.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Surprise.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.

1836 DRYDEN : *Cymon and Iphigenia*, Line 41.

Suspense.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense, from pleasure and from pain.

1837 POPE : *Eloisa to A.*, Line 249.

Suspicion.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

1838 SHAKS. : *3 Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 6.

Swallow.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow-people ; and tossed wide around
O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feathered eddy floats ; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.

1839 THOMSON : *Seasons, Autumn*, Line 836.

Swans.

The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.

1840 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. vii., Line 438.

Swearing.

And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.

1841 SHAKS. : *Rom. and Jul.*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain ;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

1842 HERBERT : *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 10.

Sweetness.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

1843 SHAKS. : *Richard II.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

1844 MILTON : *L'Allegro*, Line 135.

Swiftness.

I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

1845 SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
1846 GEORGE PEELE: *Sonnet, Polyhymnia*.

Swimming.

How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me.

1847 BYRON: *Two Foscari*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Sword.

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

1848 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world.

1849 HERBERT: *The Church Porch*.

Sympathy.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

1850 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry VI.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

There 's nought in this bad world like sympathy :
'T is so becoming to the soul and face —
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

1851 BYRON : *Don Juan*, Canto xiv., St. 47.

Synods.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.

1852 BUTLER : *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto iii.,
Line 1095.

T.

Tale.

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large.

1853 CHAUCER : *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue,
Line 733.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

1854 SHAKS. : *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 5.

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

1855 SHAKS. : *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale!

1856 J. A. WADE: *Meet Me by Moonlight*.

Talk.

We will not stand to prate;
 Talkers are no good doers; be assured
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

1857 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease
 And with its everlasting clack,
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. iii., Canto ii.,
 1858 Line 443.

They always talk who never think.

PRIOR: *Upon this Passage in the Scali-*
 1859 *geriana*.

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to conceal the mind.

1860 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire ii., Line 207.

It would talk, —
 Lord! how it talked!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Scornful*
 1861 *Lady*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Tasso.

Tasso is their glory and their shame.
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell.

1862 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 36.

Taste.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you 'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

1863 POPE: *Satire vi.*, Line 268.

Good native Taste, tho' rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song :
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.

1864 ARMSTRONG: *Taste*, Line 26.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

AKENSIDE: *Pl. of the Imagination*, Bk. iii.,
1865 Line 567.

Taxation.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.

1866 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

CONGREVE: *Epis. to Sir Richard Temple*.
1867 *Of Pleasing*, Line 17.

Tea.

For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

1868 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, *Satire vi.*, Line 190.

Teaching.

I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way.

1869 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Tears.

The big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase.

1870 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

1871 SHAKS.: *Titus And.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Our present tears here, not our present laughter,
 Are but the handsells of our joys hereafter.

1872 HERRICK: *Noble Numbers, Tears.*

Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

1873 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. i., Line 619.

A child will weep a bramble's smart,
 A maid to see her sparrow part,
 A stripling for a woman's heart:
 But woe awaits a country, when
 She sees the tears of bearded men.

1874 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Canto v., St. 16.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

1875 WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

1876 TENNYSON: *The Princess*, Pt. iv., Line 21.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

1877 CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope*, Pt. i., Line 180.

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day ;

Love and tears for the Blue,

Tears and love for the Gray.

1878 FRANCIS M. FINCH: *The Blue and the Gray*.

Temper.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone.

1879 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Temperance.

Temp'rate in every place, — abroad, at home.

Thence will applause, and hence will profit come ;

And health from either — he in time prepares

For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.

1880 CRABBE: *The Borough*, Letter xvii., Line 198.

Tempests.

The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;

And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,

Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

1881 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine

The surging waters like a mountaine rise,

And the great sea pufte up with proud disdaine,

To swell above the measure of his guise,

As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii., Canto xii.,

1882

St. 21.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass,
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

1883 THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer*, Line 799.

The sky
 Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
 In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
 In forked flashes a commanding tempest.

1884 BYRON: *Sardanapalus*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Temptation.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.

1885 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. 3.

'T is the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil ;
 For saints may do the same things by
 The spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do :
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the saints and wicked vary.

BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto ii.,
 1886 Line 233.

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives whom we call dead.

1887 LONGFELLOW: *Resignation*.

Tenderness.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.

1888 BAYARD TAYLOR: *Improvisations*, Pt. v.

Tents.

Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

1889 LONGFELLOW: *The Day is Done*.

Terror.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats.

1890 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Test.

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word.

1891 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Text.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

1892 GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 21.

Thankfulness.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.

1893 SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

1894 SHAKS.: *Titus And.*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Theatre.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

1895 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Thief.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
 thief.

1896 SHAKS.: *Othello*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Thirst.

That panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
 One drop — the last — to cool it for the grave.

1897 BYRON: *Lara*, Canto ii., St. 16.

Thorn.

Why are we fond of toil and care?
 Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?

1898 J. M. USTERI: *Life let us Cherish*.

Thought.

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

1899 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Thought alone is eternal.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. ii., Canto v.,
 1900 St. 16.

No thought which ever stirred
 A human breast should be untold.

1901 ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*, Sc. 2.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

1902 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. xxiii., St. 4.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

1903 CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH: *Stanzas*.

Thread.

Sewing at once a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

1904 HOOD: *Song of the Shirt*.

Threats.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

1905 SHAKS.: *Tempest*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring.

1906 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 699.

Thrift.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

1907 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 2.

Throne.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

1908 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 1.

Thunder.

And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

1909 DRYDEN : *Annus Mirabilis*, St. 39.

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.

1910 BYRON : *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 92.

Tide.

Even at the turning o' the tide.

1911 SHAKS. : *Henry V.*, Act ii., Sc. 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

1912 SHAKS. : *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Time.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

1913 SHAKS. : *Richard II.*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, *
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

HERRICK : *To Virgins to Make Much of Time*.
1914

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last !
Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth —
Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth —
And motionless forever stands the PAST.

1915 SCHILLER : *Sentences of Confucius*, *Time*.

Tithes.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh ! it cuts him like a scythe,
When tithing-time draws near.

1916 COWPER : *Yearly Distress*, St. 2.

Titles.

We all are soldiers, and all venture lives ;
And where there is no difference in men's worth,
Titles are jests.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *King or No*
1917 *King*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Titles are marks of honest men and wise ;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.

1918 YOUNG : *Love of Fame*, Satire i., Line 137.

Toad.

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.

1919 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 800.

Tobacco.

Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

1920 BYRON : *The Island*, Canto ii., St. 19.

To-day.

Happy the man and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own.

DRYDEN : *Im. of Horace*, Bk. iii., Ode 29,
1921 Line 65.

Our cares are all To-day, our joys are all To-day ;
And in one little word, our life, what is it but —
To-day ?

1922 TUPPER : *Proverbial Phil. of To-day*.

Toil.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *A Glance Behind
1923 the Curtain.*

Tomb.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

1924 GRAY: *Elegy*, St. 23.

To-morrow.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

1925 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. 5.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun on thee may never rise.

1926 CONGREVE: *Letter to Cobham*.

To-morrow comes and we are where?
Then let us live to-day.

1927 SCHILLER: *The Victory Feast*, St. 13.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?
Whom young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek —
In thy place — ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled — To-day.

1928 SHELLEY: *To-morrow*.

Tongue.

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
1929 SHAKS.: *Tempest*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.
1930 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue.
1931 COWPER: *Conversation*, Line 23.

Tools.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
1932 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. i., Canto i., Line 89.

Toothache.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
1933 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Torrent.

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.
1934 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 217.

Torture.

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture.
1935 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 69.

Towers.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

1936 MILTON: *L'Allegro*, Line 75.

Town.

God made the country, and man made the town.

1937 COWPER: *Task*, Bk i., Line 749.

Toys.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

1938 AKENSIDE: *Virtuoso*, St. 10.

Trade.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.

1939 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*, Line 63.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

DR. JOHNSON: *Line added to Goldsmith's
Des. Village.*

1940

Tranquillity.

Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.

1941 MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*, *The Light of the Harem*.

Traveller — Travelling.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

1942 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

When I was at home, I was in a better place;
But travellers must be content.

1943 SHAKS.: *As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

In travelling
I shape myself betimes to idleness
And take fools' pleasures. . . .

1944 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. i.

Treason.

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

1945 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

So Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried — All hail! when as he meant — all harm.

1946 SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 7.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

1947 SIR JOHN HARRINGTON: *Epigrams*, Bk. iv.,
Epigram 5.

Treason is not own'd when 't is descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.

1948 DRYDEN: *Medals*, Line 207.

Treasure.

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure.

1949 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 398.

Trees.

Trees can smile in light at the sinking sun
Just as the storm comes, as a girl would look
On a departing lover — most serene.

1950 ROBERT BROWNING: *Pauline*, Line 726.

300 DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them.

1951 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Forest Hymn*.

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

1952 HENRY VAUGHAN: *The Timber*.

A brotherhood of venerable trees.

1953 WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet composed at — Castle*.

Trial.

We learn through trial.

1954 MARGARET J. PRESTON: *Attainment*, St. 7.

Trifles.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs.

1955 HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility*.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life.

1956 YOUNG: *Love of Fame*, Satire vi., Line 193.

Triumph.

Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

ROBERT BROWNING: *The Ring and the Book*,
1957 Line 1185.

Trouble.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1958 SHAKS.: *Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.

1959 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Truth.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

CHAUCER: *The Frankeleines Tale*,
1960 Line 11789.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

1961 SHAKS.: 1 *Henry IV.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers.

1962 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Battle-field*.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

1963 HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 13.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

1964 DRYDEN: *Hind and Panther*, Pt. i., Line 33.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

1965 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. v., Line 133.

Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.

1966

WHITTIER: *Miriam*.

Truth is truth howe'er it strike.

1967 ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz*, Line 198.

I love truth: truth 's no cleaner thing than love.

MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, Bk. iii.,
1968 Line 735.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

1969

KEATS: *Ode on a Grecian Urn*.

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Present Crisis*,
1970 St. 8.

Tulips.

Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

1971

THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring*, Line 539.

Tune.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Bk. ii.,
1972 Hymn 19.

Turf.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!

1973 FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *On Joseph
Rodman Drake.*

Turk.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

1974 POPE: *Prologue to the Satires*, Line 197.

Twilight.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

1975 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. iv., Line 598.

Peacefully
The quiet stars came out, one after one;
The holy twilight fell upon the sea,
The summer day was done.

1976 CELIA THAXTER: *A Summer Day*, St. 15.

Tyranny.

'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

1977 SHAKS.: *Pericles*, Act i., Sc. 2.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there 's this difference
known—

Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

1978 HERRICK: *Aph. Kings and Tyrants*.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains?

1979 BYRON: *Sardanapalus*, Act i., Sc. 2.

U.

Uncertainty.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!

1980 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act i., Sc. 3.

Unity.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

1981 MARIA WHITE LOWELL: *Ingomar the Barbarian*, Act ii.

Unkindness.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

1982 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Use.

These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

1983 SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

V.

Vacuity.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

1984 DRYDEN: *Cym. and Iph.*, Line 84.

Valentine.

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.

1985 HERRICK: *Aph. To His Valentine*.

Valor.

Fear to do base unworthy things is valor ;
If they be done to us, to suffer them,
Is valor too.

1986 BEN JONSON: *New Inn*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

Vanity.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

1987 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

What dotage will not Vanity maintain ?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain ?

1988 COWPER: *Expostulation*, Line 630.

Vapor.

A wing vapor melting in a tear.

1989 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xix., Line 143.

Variety.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

1990 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. ii., Line 606.

Vault.

Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright.

1991 SHELLEY: *Queen Mab*.

Vengeance.

In high vengeance there is noble scorn.

1992 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. iv.

Venice.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

1993 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 1.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier.

1994 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iv., St. 3.

Venus.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

1995 POPE: *Wife of Bath, Her Prologue*,
Line 369.

Verse.

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme.

1996 POPE: *Satire i., Bk. ii., Line 76.*

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;
She feels no biting pang the while she sings.

1997 RICHARD GIFFORD: *Contemplation.*

Vice.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

1998 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

1999 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 760.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

2000 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. ii., Line 217.

Victory.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

2001 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 3.

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;

"But 't was a famous victory."

2002 ROBERT SOUTHEY: *Battle of Blenheim*.

Village.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

2003 GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village*.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.

2004 COWPER: *Retirement*, Line 481.

Villain.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him.

2005 SHAKS.: *Much Ado*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Vine.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!

2006 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Gleo.*, Act ii., Sc. 7.

Violet.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

2007 WORDSWORTH: *She Dwelt among the
Untrodden Ways.*

Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

2008 SHELLEY: *Music, When Soft Voices Die.*

What thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!

2009 THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: *The Faded
Violet.*

Virtue.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not.

2010 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

2011 SHAKS.: *Henry III.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

Assume a virtue if you have it not.

2012 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 4.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

2013 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 589.

Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed,
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

2014 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 149.

Vision.

And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.

2015 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 453.

Voice.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

2016 SHAKS.: *King Lear*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Vows.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.

2017 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act ii., Sc. 6.

It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.

2018 BYRON: *Parisina*, St. 1.

W.

Wagers.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say fools for arguments use wagers.

2019 BUTLER: *Hudibras*, Pt. ii., Canto i.,
Line 297.

Walks.

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.

2020 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 1106.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !

2021 WATTS : *Divine Songs*, Song iv.

War.

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance ! — Let no soldier fly ;
He that is truly delicate to war
Hath no self-love : nor he that loves himself.

2022 SHAKS. : 2 *Henry VI.*, Act v., Sc. 2.

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled
front.

2023 SHAKS. : *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

2024 COWPER : *Task*, Bk. v., Line 186.

War, war is still the cry, " War even to the knife ! "

2025 BYRON : *Ch. Harold*, Canto i., St. 86.

War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is
righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder.

LONGFELLOW : *Courtship of Miles Standish*,
2026 Pt. iv., Line 135.

Warning.

Men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

2027 SHAKS. : 3 *Henry VI.*, Act iv., Sc. 7.

Warrior.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

2028 CHARLES WOLFE : *Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Washington.

Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.

2029 BYRON : *Age of Bronze*, St. 5.

Water.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

2030 SHAKS. : 2 *Henry VI.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth :
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is — in a well.

2031 BYRON : *Don Juan*, Canto ii., St. 84.

Wave.

So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

2032 MRS. BARBAULD : *Death of the Virtuous.*

A life on the ocean wave !
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep !

2033 EPES SARGENT : *Life On the Ocean Wave.*

Way.

Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide, pathless way.

2034 MILTON : *Il Penseroso*, Line 65.

Weakness.

If weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.

2035 MILTON: *Sam. Agonistes*, Line 831.

Wealth.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee.

2036 SHAKS.: *M. for M.*, Act iii., Sc. 1.

To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life, can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?

2037 DR. JOHNSON: *To a Friend*.

Weeds.

Have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern god of sea.

2038 MILTON: *Tr. of Horace*, Bk. i., Ode 5.

Welcome.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
 It must appear in other ways than words,
 Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

2039 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
 And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Wel-
 come.

2040 SHAKS.: *Coriolanus*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

Wheel.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.

2041 RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES :
The Brookside.

Wickedness.

There is a method in man's wickedness, —
It grows up by degrees.

2042 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *A King
and No King*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Widows.

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man ;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

2043 DRYDEN : *Wife of Bath*, Line 543.

Wife.

She is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

2044 SHAKS. : *Two Gent. of V.*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

2045 SHAKS. : *Mer. W. of W.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

2046 MILTON : *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 267.

She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

2047 BURNS: *My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing*.

The world well tried — the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

2048 N. P. WILLIS: *Lady Jane*, Canto ii., St. 11.

Wilderness.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade.

2049 COWPER: *Task*, Bk. ii., Line 1.

Will.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

2050 JOHN PIERPONT: *A Word from a Petitioner*.

Willow.

A poore soule sat sighing under a sycamore tree;
Oh, willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
Oh, willow, willow, willow!

2051 THOMAS PERCY: *Willow, Willow, Willow*.

Wind.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Not the ill wind which blows none to good.

2052 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry IV.*, Act v., Sc. 3.

The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds and makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls;

The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls!

2053 LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Abbot Joachim.*

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth.

2054 GEORGE MACDONALD: *Songs of the
Spring Days.*

A melancholy sound is in the air,
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
Around my dwelling. 'T is the Wind of night.

2055 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Rain Dream.*

Windows.

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

2056 GRAY: *A Long Story.*

Wine.

Wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

2057 PARNELL: *Anacreontic, "Gay Bacchus, etc.,"*
St. 2.

And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile.

2058 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. xiv., Line 520.

Wing.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.

2059 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 85.

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morne not waking til she sings.

JOHN LYLY: *Cupid and Campaspe*,
2060 Act v., Sc. 1.

Winter.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

2061 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.

2062 THOMSON: *Seasons, Winter*, Line 1.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes — he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Winter*
2063 *Piece*.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.

2064 GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*, Line 171.

In rigorous hours, when down the iron lane
The redbreast looks in vain

For hips and haws,
Lo, shining flowers upon my window-pane
The silver pencil of the winter draws.

2065 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Winter*.

Wisdom.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

2066 SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.*, Act iii., Sc. 11.

What is it to be wise?

'T is but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own.

2067 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 260.

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.

2068 BAYARD TAYLOR: *Wisdom of All*.

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude.

2069 MILTON: *Comus*, Line 373.

Wishes.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

2070 SHAKS.: 2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv., Sc. 4.

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.

2071 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night v.,
Line 662.

Wit — Wits.

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but one hole for to sterten to.

2072 CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales*, *The Wif of Bathes Prologue*, Line 6154.

Wit 's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.

2073 HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch*, St. 41.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

2074 DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. i.,
Line 163.

Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
Treat those of common parts with proud disdain.
2075 CRABBE: *Patron*, Line 229.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
2076 GEORGE WITHER: *The Shepherd's Hunting*.

Witches.

Midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work.
2077 ROWE: *Jane Shore*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Woe.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
2078 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
2079 YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, Night iii., Line 63.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
2080 BURNS: *Sweet Sensibility*.

Wolf.

He's the symbol of hunger the whole earth through,
His spectre sits at the door or cave,
And the homeless hear with a thrill of fear
The sound of his wind-swept voice on the air.
2081 HAMLIN GARLAND: *The Gaunt Gray Wolf*.

Woman.

Women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
2082 SHAKS.: *Tw. Night*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

Honor to women ! to them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven.
2083 SCHILLER: *Honor to Women*.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
2084 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ix., Line 232.

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
2085 OTWAY: *Venice Preserved*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't ;
And if she won't, she won't ; so there 's an end on 't.

*Copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the
Dane John Field, Canterbury.* [Examiner :
2086 May 31, 1829.]

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man.
2087 POPE: *Moral Essays*, Epis. ii., Line 269.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
2088 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Irene*.

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman; so she's good, what does it signify?

2089 BYRON: *Don Juan*, Canto xiv., St. 57.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

2090 SCOTT: *Marmion*, Canto vi., St. 30.

The woman that deliberates is lost.

2091 ADDISON: *Cato*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.

2092 GEORGE ELIOT: *The Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. ii.

Till we are built like angels, with hammer, and
chisel, and pen,
We will work for ourselves and a woman, for ever
and ever, Amen.

2093 RUDYARD KIPLING: *An Imperial Rescript*.

Wonder.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

2094 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto ii., St. 2.

Woodland.

Yon woodland, like a human mind,
Has many a phase of dark and light;
Now dim with shadows wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light.

2095 PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE: *The Woodland*.

Woodman.

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.

2096 GEORGE P. MORRIS: *Woodman, Spare
 that Tree.*

Woods.

Fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub.

2097 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. viii., Line 508.

Words.

'T is well said again,
 And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
 And yet words are no deeds.

2098 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
 Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.

2099 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Apt words have power to 'suage
 The tumors of a troubled mind;
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

2100 MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, Line 184.

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.

2101 GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy*, Bk. iii.

Words, however, are things.

2102 OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile*, Pt. i.,
 Canto ii., St. 6.

Wordsworth.

Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

2103 MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Memorial Verses*.

Work.

Free men freely work:
 Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.

MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, Bk. viii.,
 2104 Line 752.

Men must work, and women must weep.

2105 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Three Fishers*.

World.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
 Which I with sword will open.

2106 SHAKS.: *Mer. W. of W.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

You have too much respect upon the world:
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.

2107 SHAKS.: *M. of Venice*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Fast by hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star.

2108 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii., Line 1051.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There's nothing true but Heaven.

2109 MOORE: *This World is all a Fleeting Show*.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

2110 BYRON: *Ch. Harold*, Canto iii., St. 113.

Worm.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

2111 SHAKS.: 3 *Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 2.

Worship.

There may be worship without words.

2112 LONGFELLOW: *My Cathedral*.

Worth.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

2113 POPE: *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv., Line 203.

Wounds.

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.

2114 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act v., Sc. 3.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.

2115 POPE: *Prol. to the Satires*, Line 201.

Wrath.

Come not within the measure of my wrath.

2116 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act v., Sc. 4.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!

2117 POPE: *Iliad*, Bk. i., Line 1.

Wreaths.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.

2118 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Wrecks.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon.

2119 SHAKS.: *Richard III.*, Act i., Sc. 4.

Wretch.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.

2120 SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Writing.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curs'd hard reading.

2121 SHERIDAN: *Clio's Prot.*

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE:
2122 *Essay on Poetry.*

Wrong.

Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!

2123 POPE: *Odyssey*, Bk. viii., Line 367.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.

2124 WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, Bk. iii.

X.

Xerxes.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

2125 *From the New England Primer.*

Y.

Years.

Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass.

2126 SHAKS.: *Henry V.*, Act i., Chorus.

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

2127 POPE: *Satire vi.*, Line 72.

I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.
Look, how they come, — a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days.

2128 WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Lapse of Time*.

None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.

2129 DRYDEN: *Aurengzebe*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Yesterday.

Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return!

2130 SHAKS.: *Richard II.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

Yew-Tree.

Old yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead.
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

2131 TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Pt. ii., St. 1.

Youth.

For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,

Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.

2132 SHAKS.: *Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 7.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

2133 SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.*, Act i., Sc. 1.

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they
turn,

Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.

2134 JEAN INGELow: *Four Bridges*, St. 56.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!

2135 LONGFELLOW: *Morituri Salutamus*.

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

2136 GRAY: *Bard*, Pt. ii., St. 2, Line 9.

Z.

Zeal.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

2137 SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Sc. 2.

His zeal

None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash.

2138 MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. v., Line 849

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

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- Burns, Robert.** b. Ayr, Scot., 1759; d. Dumfries, Scot., 1796. — 20, 208, 222, 242, 552, 558, 592, 604, 694, 773, 783, 954, 964, 986, 1080, 1095, 1106, 1109, 1129, 1147, 1193, 1345, 1435, 1588, 1599, 1600, 1642, 1704, 2047, 2080.
- Butler, Samuel.** b. Worcestershire, Eng., 1612; d. London, Eng., 1680. — 39, 153, 236, 303, 305, 405, 423, 549, 566, 574, 615, 799, 972, 992, 1014, 1110, 1209, 1271, 1284, 1334, 1347, 1394, 1405, 1449, 1496, 1504, 1510, 1557, 1585, 1682, 1705, 1811, 1852, 1858, 1886, 1932, 2019.
- Byron, George Gordon, Lord.** b. London, Eng., 1788; d. Missolonghi, Greece, 1824. — 31, 59, 62, 116, 133, 148, 169, 176, 209, 315, 351, 352, 354, 368, 388, 419, 451, 460, 469, 470, 486, 506, 511, 534, 537, 553, 582, 594, 612, 619, 651, 677, 734, 748, 751, 787, 813, 841, 842, 843, 850, 878, 879, 893, 908, 910, 995, 1059, 1075, 1087, 1115, 1131, 1133, 1166, 1221, 1229, 1232, 1251, 1275, 1303, 1337, 1391, 1407, 1419, 1442, 1493, 1506, 1522, 1529, 1538, 1556, 1563, 1573, 1575, 1580, 1596, 1601, 1620, 1621, 1625, 1668, 1672, 1679, 1686, 1688, 1716, 1718, 1731, 1751, 1792, 1794, 1818, 1847, 1851, 1862, 1884, 1897, 1910, 1920, 1935, 1979, 1993, 1994, 2018, 2025, 2029, 2031, 2059, 2089, 2094, 2110.
- Campbell, Thomas.** b. Glasgow, Scot., 1777; d. Boulogne, France, 1844. — 142, 149, 359, 570, 715, 723, 933, 1243, 1390, 1541, 1584, 1593, 1694, 1703, 1741, 1877.
- Canning, George.** b. London, Eng., 1770; d. Cheswick, Eng., 1827. — 729.
- Carey, Henry.** b. 1663; d. Coldbath-Fields, Eng., 1743. — 349.
- Carlyle, Thomas.** b. Ecclefechan, Scot., 1795; d. Chelsea, near London, Eng., 1881. — 1090, 1150.
- Cary, Alice.** b. near Cincinnati, O., 1820; d. New York City, 1871. — 536, 1262.
- Cary, Phœbe.** b. near Cincinnati, O., 1824; d. New York City, 1871. — 646.
- Chapman, George.** b. Hitchin, Eng., 1557; d. London, Eng., 1634. — 658.
- Chatterton, Thomas.** b. Bristol, Eng., 1752; d. London, Eng., 1770. — 1136.
- Chaucer, Geoffrey.** b. Lon-

- don, Eng., 1328; d. 1400. — 40, 104, 1647, 1853, 1960, 2072.
- Chorley, Henry Fothergill.** b. 1808; d. 1872. — 1268.
- Churchill, Charles.** b. Westminster, Eng., 1731; d. Boulogne, France, 1764. — 98, 100, 135, 530, 698, 703, 874, 978, 1713, 1749.
- Clemmer, Mary.** b. Utica, N. Y., 1839; d. 1884. — 676.
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.** b. Devonshire, Eng., 1772; d. London, Eng., 1834. — 71, 143, 282, 395, 465, 484, 599, 708, 728, 979, 1138, 1227, 1336, 1372, 1379, 1431, 1473, 1507, 1561, 1673.
- Collins, William.** b. Chichester, Eng., 1720; d. Chichester, Eng., 1756. — 227, 928, 1035, 1239.
- Colman, George** [theyounger]. b. 1762; d. London, Eng., 1836. — 971.
- Congreve, William.** b. Bardsey, Eng., 1670; d. London, Eng., 1729. — 183, 775, 1237, 1867, 1926.
- Cook, Eliza.** b. London, Eng., 1817; d. 1889. — 1747.
- "Cornwall, Barry."** *See* PROCTER BRYAN WALLER.
- Cowley, Abraham.** b. London, Eng., 1618; d. Chertsey, Eng., 1667. — 479, 786.
- Cowper, William.** b. Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, Eng., 1731; d. 1800. — 30, 102, 146, 175, 365, 403, 412, 586, 591, 656, 739, 762, 863, 889, 914, 960, 1036, 1079, 1201, 1393, 1401, 1404, 1437, 1466, 1475, 1571, 1637, 1723, 1752, 1759, 1799, 1916, 1931, 1937, 1965, 1983, 1990, 2004, 2024, 2049.
- Crabbe, George.** b. Aldborough, Eng., 1754; d. Trowbridge, Eng., 1832. — 44, 205, 330, 379, 428, 1382, 1412, 1515, 1576, 1617, 1702, 1880, 2075.
- Cranch, Christopher Pearse.** b. Alexandria, Va., 1813; . . . — 1903.
- Crashaw, Richard.** b. London, Eng., about 1616; d. Italy, about 1650. — 541, 814.
- Croly, George.** b. Dublin, Ireland, 1780; d. 1860. — 1261.
- Dana, Richard Henry.** b. Cambridge, Mass., 1787; d. Boston, Mass., 1878. — 1773.
- Dante, Alighieri.** b. Florence, Italy, 1265; d. Ravenna, 1321. — 936.
- Darwin, Erasmus.** b. Newark, Eng., 1731; d. Derby, Eng., 1802. — 1168.
- Defoe, Daniel.** b. London, Eng., 1661; d. London, Eng., 1731. — 384, 1300.
- De L'Isle, Joseph Rouget.** b. Lons-le-Saunice, France, 1760; d. 1836. — 807.
- Dickens, Charles.** b. Landport, near Portsmouth, Eng., 1812; d. Gadshill, near Rochester, Eng., 1870. — 997.
- Donne, John, D.D.** b. London, Eng., 1573; d. London, Eng., 1631. — 1821.
- Dorr, Julia Caroline Ripley.** b. Charleston, S. C., 1825; . . . — 1493, 1830.
- Drake, Joseph Rodman.** b. New York City, 1795; d. New York City, 1820. — 714, 761.
- Dryden, John.** b. Aldwinckle, Eng., 1631; d. London, Eng., 1701. — 158, 226, 252, 337, 344, 504, 680, 776, 790, 858, 860, 871, 884, 1179, 1234, 1299, 1346, 1358, 1362, 1365, 1425, 1460, 1549, 1577, 1610, 1764, 1772, 1836, 1909, 1921, 1948, 1964, 1984, 2043, 2074, 2129.
- Dwight, Timothy.** b. Northampton, Mass., 1752; d. New Haven, Conn., 1817. — 357.
- Dyer, Sir Edward.** b. Sharpsham, near Glastonbury, *circa* 1540; d. 1607. — 331, 1190.
- Dyer, John.** b. 1700; d. 1758. — 1053.
- Eliot, George** [Marian Evans Cross]. b. Warwickshire, Eng.,

- 1820; d. London, Eng., 1880. — 862, 1091, 1256, 1276, 1350, 1478, 1534, 1779, 1832, 1944, 1992, 2092, 2101.
- Elliott, Ebenezer.** b. Masborough, Eng., 1781; d. near Barnsley, Eng., 1849. — 1046.
- Emerson, Ralph Waldo.** b. Boston, Mass., 1803; d. Concord, Mass., 1882. — 105, 161, 191, 239, 247, 249, 448, 605, 759, 765, 791, 817, 944, 1428, 1648, 1678, 1748.
- Everett, Edward.** b. Dorchester, Mass., 1794; d. 1865. — 912.
- Faber, Frederick William.** b. Durham, Eng., 1814; d. Brompton, Eng., 1863. — 1516.
- Falconer, William.** b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1732; shipwrecked near Cape Good Hope, 1769. — 1069, 1675.
- Fenner, Cornelius G.** b. 1822; d. 1847. — 1609.
- Fielding, Henry.** b. Sharpsham Park, Eng., 1707; d. Lisbon, Spain, 1754. — 1330.
- Fields, James Thomas.** b. Portsmouth, N.H., 1817; d. 1881. — 420.
- Finch, Francis M.** b. 1827; . . . — 1878.
- Fletcher, John.** b. Northamptonshire, Eng., 1576; d. 1625. — 1304, 1655.
- Ford, John.** b. Islington, Eng., 1586; d. *circa* 1639. — 1159.
- Franklin, Benjamin** ["Richard Saunders"]. b. Boston, Mass., 1706; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1790. — 231.
- Garland, Hamlin.** b. West Salem, Wis., 1860; . . . — 346, 1230, 1761, 2081.
- Garrick, David.** b. Lichfield, Eng., 1716; d. London, Eng., 1779. — 406, 1724.
- Garth, Sir Samuel.** b. Bolam, Eng., *circa* 1670; d. London, Eng., 1718. — 1395.
- Gay, John.** b. near Barnstaple, Eng., 1688; d. London, Eng., 1732. — 32, 124, 620, 642, 730, 781, 883, 952, 1416, 1434, 1452, 1562, 1608, 1677.
- Gifford, Richard.** b. 1725; d. North Okendon, Eng., 1807. — 1997.
- Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von.** b. Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany, 1749; d. Weimar, Germany, 1832. — 192.
- Goldsmith, Oliver.** b. Pallis, Ireland, 1723; d. London, Eng., 1774. — 35, 58, 107, 189, 340, 341, 342, 345, 364, 466, 517, 639, 695, 707, 710, 733, 788, 849, 901, 1063, 1107, 1114, 1137, 1297, 1339, 1487, 1495, 1589, 1591, 1742, 1750, 1756, 1934, 1939, 2003, 2064.
- Gould, Hannah Flagg.** b. Lancaster, Vt., 1789; d. Newburyport, Mass., 1865. — 1553.
- Gray, Thomas.** b. London, Eng., 1716; d. Cambridge, Eng., 1771. — 103, 193, 216, 378, 382, 385, 443, 450, 613, 624, 704, 716, 720, 739, 832, 833, 863, 963, 1041, 1141, 1174, 1687, 1892, 1924, 2056, 2136.
- Green, Matthew.** b. London (?), Eng., 1696; d. 1737. — 369.
- Greene, Robert.** b. Norwich (?), *circa* 1560; d. near Dowgate, Eng., 1592. — 1105.
- Halleck, Fitz-Greene.** b. Guilford, Conn., 1770; d. Guilford, Conn., 1867. — 493, 904, 1313, 1973.
- Halpine, Charles Grahame** ["Miles O'Reilly"]. b. Oldcastle, Meath, Ireland, 1829; d. New York City, 1868. — 756.
- Harrington, Sir John.** b. near Bath, Eng., *circa* 1561; d. 1612. — 1947.
- Harte, Francis Bret.** b. Albany, N.Y., 1839; . . . — 433, 1306, 1739.
- Havergal, Frances Ridley.** b. Worcestershire, Eng., 1836; d. Swansea, Eng., 1879. — 326.

- Hay, John.** b. Salem, Ind., 1838; . . . — 1867.
- Hayne, Paul Hamilton.** b. Charleston, S.C., 1831; . . . — 2095.
- Heber, Reginald.** b. Cheshire, Eng., 1783; d. Trichinopoly, India, 1826. — 501, 934, 1295.
- Hemans, Felicia Dorothea.** b. Liverpool, Eng., 1793; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1835. — 496, 717, 907, 1653, 1776.
- Herbert, George.** b. in Montgomery Castle, Wales, 1593; d. Bemerton, Wales, 1632. — 24, 199, 250, 602, 687, 784, 1083, 1145, 1348, 1467, 1842, 1849, 1963, 2073.
- Herrick, Robert.** b. London, Eng., 1591; d. Dean Prior, Eng., 1674. — 11, 42, 280, 461, 699, 1697, 1791, 1872, 1914, 1978, 1985.
- Heywood, Thomas.** b. Lincolnshire, Eng., 1570; d. 1649. — 28, 920.
- Hogg, James.** b. Ettrick Forest, Scot., 1772; d. 1835. — 801.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell.** b. Cambridge, Mass., 1809; d. 1894. — 233, 618, 649, 929, 1241, 1807, 1814, 1440, 1547, 1550, 1800.
- Home, John.** b. Ancrum, Scot., 1724; d. 1808. — 265.
- Hood, Thomas.** b. London, Eng., 1798-9; d. London, Eng., 1845. — 131, 229, 298, 463, 533, 583, 867, 1208, 1282, 1414, 1438, 1472, 1652, 1695, 1788, 1904.
- Hopkinson, Joseph.** b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1770; d. 1842. — 976.
- Howe, Julia Ward.** b. New York, 1819; . . . — 320.
- Hunt, Helen** [Mrs. Jackson]. b. Amherst, Mass., 1831; d. San Francisco, Cal., 1885. — 130, 1156, 1167.
- Hunt, James Henry Leigh.** b. Southgate, near London, Eng., 1784; d. 1859. — 1613.
- Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay.** — 1640.
- Ingelow, Jean.** b. Ipswich, Eng., 1830; d. 1897. — 9, 180, 669, 1121, 1760, 2134.
- Jefferys, Charles.** b. 1807; d. 1865. — 231, 245.
- Johnson, Dr. Samuel.** b. Lichfield, Eng., 1709; d. London, Eng., 1784. — 132, 580, 590, 768, 815, 857, 945, 965, 989, 1003, 1111, 1940, 2037.
- Jones, Sir William.** b. London, Eng., 1746; d. India, 1794. — 1064, 1322.
- Jonson, Ben.** b. London, Eng., 1573-4; d. London, Eng., 1637. — 267, 548, 828, 1016, 1102, 1210, 1508, 1616, 1658, 1986.
- Keats, John.** b. London, Eng., 1795; d. Rome, Italy, 1821. — 127, 159, 919, 1130, 1236, 1267, 1352, 1433, 1535, 1730, 1969.
- Keble, John.** b. Coln-St.-Aldwynds, Eng., *circa* 1792; d. Bournemouth, Eng., 1866. — 1298.
- Kemble, Frances Anne.** b. London, Eng., 1811; d. 1893. — 248.
- Kingsley, Charles.** b. Devonshire, Eng., 1819; d. Eversley, Eng., 1875. — 15, 277, 290, 348, 516, 785, 823, 1031, 1161, 1360, 1519, 2105.
- Kipling, Rudyard.** b. Bombay, India, 1865; . . . — 744, 2093.
- Lamb, Charles.** b. London, Eng., 1775; d. London, Eng., 1834. — 311.
- Landor, Walter Savage.** b. Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, Eng., 1775; d. Florence, Italy, 1864. — 263, 688.
- Landsdowne, Lord** [George Granville]. b. Bideford, Eng., 1667; d. London, Eng., 1735. — 835.

- Larcom, Lucy.** b. Beverly Farms, Mass., 1826; d. 1893. — 840.
- Lee, Nathaniel.** b. England, 1655; d. London, Eng., 1692. — 844.
- Linley, George.** b. London, Eng., 1798; d. France, 1865. — 7, 1178.
- Lofft, Capel.** b. London, Eng., 1751; d. France, 1824. — 53.
- Logan, John.** b. Soutra, Scot., 1748; d. 1788. — 866.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.** b. Portland, Me., 1807; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1882. — 110, 141, 150, 177, 307, 321, 499, 632, 654, 733, 742, 780, 796, 942, 948, 1017, 1045, 1055, 1074, 1089, 1261, 1302, 1311, 1316, 1427, 1551, 1603, 1633, 1734, 1806, 1831, 1887, 1889, 2026, 2053, 2112, 2135.
- Lovelace, Richard.** b. Woolwich, Eng., 1618; d. London, Eng., 1653. — 144, 1384.
- Lover, Samuel.** b. Dublin, Ireland, 1797; d. 1868. — 1483.
- Lowe, John.** b. 1750; d. 1793. — 1217.
- Lowell, James Russell.** b. Cambridge, Mass., 1819; d. 1891. — 304, 323, 335, 391, 503, 514, 611, 635, 810, 1012, 1054, 1226, 1420, 1923, 1970, 2088.
- Lowell, Maria White.** b. Watertown, Mass., 1821; d. 1853. — 1981.
- Lowth, Robert.** b. Winchester, Eng., 1710; d. 1787. — 1403.
- Lyly, John.** b. Kent, Eng., *circa* 1553; d. *circa* 1600. — 2060.
- Macaulay, Thomas Babington.** b. Rothley Temple, Eng., 1800; d. Kensington, London, Eng., 1859. — 495.
- Macdonald, George.** b. Huntley, Scot., 1824; . . . — 2054.
- Marlowe, Christopher.** b. Canterbury, Eng., 1565; d. Deptford, Eng., 1593. — 213, 1511, 1518, 1670.
- Martial** [Marcus Valerius Martialis]. b. Bilbilis, Spain, 43; d. Bilbilis, Spain, 104. — 505.
- Massinger, Philip.** b. near Wilton, Eng., 1584; d. on the Bankside, 1639-40. — 1411, 1817.
- Mee, William.** — 675.
- "Meredith, Owen"** [Lord Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton]. b. Herts, Eng., 1831; d. 1891. — 225, 540, 645, 866, 981, 1000, 1127, 1245, 1491, 1900, 2102.
- Mickle, William Julius.** b. Dumfriesshire, Scot., 1734; d. 1788. — 946.
- Middleton, Thomas.** d. 1626. — 16, 184, 1502.
- Miller, "Joaquin" Cincinnati Hiner.** b. Indiana, 1840; . . . — 371, 477, 647, 1030, 1185, 1828.
- Milnes, Richard Monckton** [Lord Houghton]. b. Yorkshire, Eng., 1809; d. 1885. — 890, 2041.
- Milton, John.** b. London, Eng., 1608; d. London, Eng., 1674. — 1, 4, 18, 68, 77, 78, 80, 90, 112, 117, 120, 157, 170, 186, 187, 207, 275, 284, 288, 300, 312, 336, 356, 360, 373, 381, 383, 387, 397, 416, 429, 441, 445, 456, 468, 492, 515, 518, 520, 526, 539, 551, 563, 576, 595, 597, 600, 607, 608, 610, 628, 631, 634, 652, 667, 696, 701, 711, 712, 735, 740, 770, 777, 802, 804, 809, 847, 877, 880, 892, 895, 896, 931, 935, 956, 982, 991, 1001, 1018, 1025, 1037, 1052, 1057, 1060, 1077, 1081, 1085, 1094, 1100, 1160, 1169, 1173, 1184, 1187, 1192, 1213, 1215, 1220, 1248, 1255, 1260, 1287, 1310, 1320, 1325, 1331, 1371, 1380, 1397, 1399, 1402, 1406, 1421, 1439, 1447, 1454, 1494, 1497, 1500, 1505, 1509, 1512, 1525, 1569, 1597, 1611, 1612, 1628, 1650, 1654, 1660, 1661, 1665, 1693, 1740, 1758, 1777, 1783, 1840,

- 1844, 1873, 1906, 1908, 1919, 1936, 1949, 1975, 1999, 2013, 2015, 2020, 2034, 2035, 2038, 2046, 2069, 2084, 2097, 2100, 2108, 2138.
- Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley.** b. London, Eng., *circa* 1690; d. London, Eng., 1762. — 565.
- Montgomery, James.** b. Irvine, Scot., 1771; d. Sheffield, Eng., 1854. — 282, 1008, 1258, 1582.
- Moore, Clement C.** b. New York, 1779; d. 1863. — 323.
- Moore, Thomas.** b. Dublin, Ireland, 1779; d. near Devizes, Eng., 1852. — 171, 221, 314, 436, 481, 547, 554, 655, 805, 812, 872, 1113, 1646, 1743, 1757, 1824, 1834, 1941, 2109.
- More, Hannah.** b. Stapleton, Eng., 1745; d. Clifton, Eng., 1883. — 660, 859, 1638, 1955.
- Morris, Charles.** b. 1739; d. 1832. — 212.
- Morris, George P.** b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1802; d. New York City, 1864. — 2096.
- Nairne, Lady Caroline Oliphant.** b. Gask, Perthshire, Scot., 1766; d. Gask, 1845. — 1058.
- Noel, Thomas.** — 202.
- Norris, John.** b. Wiltshire, Eng., 1657; d. 1711. — 95.
- O'Hara, Theodore.** b. 1820; d. 1867. — 181.
- Otway, Thomas.** b. Tottington, Eng., 1651; d. London, Eng., 1685. — 2085.
- Parnell, Thomas.** b. Dublin, Ireland, 1679; d. Chester, Eng., 1717-18. — 1125, 2057.
- Payne, John Howard.** b. New York City, 1792; d. Tunis, Africa, 1852. — 916.
- Peele, George.** b. Devonshire, Eng., 1552-58; d. 1598. — 1846.
- Percival, James Gates.** b. Berlin, Conn., 1795; d. Hazelgreen, Wis., 1856. — 727, 1049.
- Percy, Bishop Thomas.** b. Bridgenorth, Eng., 1728; d. Drogheda, Eng., 1811. — 343, 2051.
- Pierpont, John.** b. Litchfield, Conn., 1755; d. 1866. — 2050.
- "Pindar, Peter"** [Dr. John Walcott]. b. Dodbrook, Eng., 1738; d. Somers' Town, Eng., 1819. — 269.
- Pitt, William.** b. Hayes, near Bromley, Eng., 1759; d. 1806. — 1680.
- Poe, Edgar Allan.** b. Boston, Mass., 1809; d. Baltimore, Md., 1849. — 173, 1531.
- Pollock, Robert.** b. Eaglesham, Scot., 1799; d. Shirley Common, Eng., 1827. — 957, 1721.
- Pope, Alexander.** b. London, Eng., 1688; d. Twickenham, Eng., 1744. — 2, 8, 45, 64, 70, 73, 82, 83, 93, 108, 122, 123, 136, 162, 188, 219, 260, 262, 276, 285, 289, 294, 299, 308, 329, 358, 395, 402, 409, 411, 430, 432, 435, 440, 452, 464, 478, 507, 544, 589, 609, 621, 643, 663, 668, 671, 682, 688, 688, 731, 737, 745, 767, 811, 829, 831, 855, 869, 886, 897, 902, 905, 922, 926, 932, 943, 950, 1038, 1047, 1048, 1061, 1067, 1092, 1146, 1152, 1182, 1195, 1197, 1218, 1238, 1250, 1263, 1266, 1280, 1288, 1329, 1356, 1364, 1369, 1392, 1400, 1413, 1417, 1418, 1423, 1441, 1444, 1459, 1474, 1482, 1485, 1492, 1514, 1517, 1542, 1543, 1545, 1558, 1564, 1574, 1592, 1618, 1623, 1631, 1636, 1645, 1725, 1765, 1766, 1775, 1808, 1837, 1863, 1974, 1989, 1995, 1996, 2000, 2014, 2058, 2067, 2087, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2123, 2127.
- Pope, Dr. Walter.** b. *circa* 1630; d. 1714. — 1624.
- Porteus, Beilby.** b. York, Eng., 1731; d. 1808. — 438.

- Praed, Winthrop Macworth.** b. London, Eng., 1802; d. London, Eng., 1839. — 137, 1132.
- Preston, Margaret Junkin.** b. Lexington, Va., 1835; d. 1897. — 911, 1292, 1954.
- Prior, Matthew.** b. near Wimborne-Minster, Eng., 1664; d. Wimpole, Eng., 1721. — 69, 623, 962, 990, 1126, 1859.
- Procter, Bryan Waller** ["Barry Cornwall"]. b. London, Eng., 1787; d. 1874. — 1244, 1606.
- Rabelais, François.** b. Chinon, France, 1483-95; d. Paris, France, 1553. — 546.
- Raleigh, Sir Walter.** b. Budleigh, Eng., 1552; d. London, Eng., 1618. — 1305, 1691.
- Read, Thomas Buchanan.** b. Chester, Penn., 1822; d. New York City, 1872. — 1796.
- Rochester, Earl of** [John Wilmot]. b. Ditchley, Eng., 1647; d. 1680. — 786.
- Rogers, Samuel.** b. Stoke Newington, Eng., 1763; d. London, Eng., 1855. — 1172, 1175, 1240, 1546.
- Roscommon, Earl of** [Wentworth Dillon]. b. Ireland, 1633; d. London, Eng., 1684. — 512.
- Rossetti, Christina Georgiana.** b. London, Eng., 1830; d. 1894. — 347, 726, 949, 1536, 1692.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.** b. London, Eng., 1828; d. London, Eng., 1832. — 1029, 1171.
- Rowe, Nicholas.** b. Little Barford, Eng., 1673-74; d. London, Eng., 1718. — 1199, 2077.
- Ruskin, John.** b. London, Eng., 1819; d. 1900. — 121, 1265, 1278, 1671.
- Salis, J. G. von.** b. 1762; d. 1834. — 194.
- Sargent, Epes.** b. Gloucester, Mass., 1812; d. 1881. — 2033.
- Savage, Richard.** b. London, Eng., 1698; d. 1743. — 1424.
- Saxe, John Godfrey.** b. Highgate, Vt., 1816; d. 1887. — 210, 861.
- Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von.** b. Marbach, Ger., 1759; d. Weimar, Ger., 1805. — 109, 497, 1007, 1273, 1477, 1629, 1712, 1915, 1927, 2033.
- Scott, Sir Walter.** b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1771; d. Abbotsford, Scot., 1832. — 327, 509, 535, 702, 732, 826, 893, 1050, 1051, 1103, 1134, 1214, 1436, 1501, 1524, 1622, 1669, 1732, 1874, 2090.
- Sedley, Charles.** b. Kent, Eng., 1639; d. 1701. — 291.
- Shakespeare, William.** b. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1564; d. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1616. — 3, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 17, 21, 25, 26, 27, 29, 33, 37, 38, 41, 46, 47, 51, 52, 54, 55, 56, 66, 67, 72, 74, 75, 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 94, 96, 97, 99, 101, 111, 113, 114, 118, 119, 126, 138, 139, 140, 145, 152, 154, 155, 156, 165, 167, 168, 182, 190, 195, 197, 200, 201, 203, 211, 214, 215, 217, 220, 223, 224, 228, 235, 237, 241, 243, 253, 254, 255, 257, 259, 261, 266, 271, 272, 273, 278, 279, 283, 286, 287, 293, 295, 297, 306, 316, 318, 332, 334, 350, 353, 355, 361, 362, 367, 370, 372, 374, 375, 376, 377, 380, 386, 389, 390, 392, 394, 396, 399, 400, 410, 414, 415, 417, 418, 422, 424, 425, 426, 437, 439, 444, 446, 447, 453, 454, 455, 457, 458, 459, 462, 471, 472, 475, 480, 482, 483, 488, 489, 490, 491, 508, 513, 521, 524, 528, 529, 542, 543, 545, 550, 557, 558, 560, 564, 565, 567, 568, 569, 573, 575, 577, 578, 579, 581, 587, 601, 603, 616, 617, 636, 638, 641, 644, 653, 657, 659, 665, 666, 673, 674,

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Shenstone, William. b. Leasowes, Eng., 1714; d. Leasowes, Eng., 1763. — 987, 1736.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley Butler. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1751; d. London, Eng., 1816. — 2121.

Shirley, James. b. London, Eng., 1594; d. London, Eng., 1666. — 23.

Sidney, Sir Philip. b. Penshurst, Eng., 1554; d. Arnheim, Holland, 1586. — 1728.

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley. b. Norwich, Conn., 1791; d. Hartford, Conn., 1863. — 1253.

Smith, Alexander. b. Kilmarnock, Scot., 1830; d. Wardie, Scot., 1867. — 572, 1163, 1429.

Smith, James. b. London, Eng., 1775; d. London, Eng., 1839. — 1676.

Smith, Samuel Francis. b. Boston, Mass., 1808; d. 1895. — 1315.

Smollett, Tobias George. b. near Renton, Eng., 1721; d. Leghorn, Italy, 1771. — 975.

Southey, Robert. b. Bristol, Eng., 1774; d. Cumberland, Eng., 1843. — 147, 974, 2002.

Spenser, Edmund. b. London, Eng., 1553; d. London, Eng., 1599. — 125, 302, 421, 510, 555, 998, 1011, 1120, 1181, 1224, 1264, 1540, 1719, 1882.

Sprague, Charles. b. Boston,

- Mass., 1791; d. Boston, Mass., 1875. — 1249.
- Stedman, Edmund Clarence.** b. Hartford, Conn., 1833; . . . — 296, 625, 1639.
- Stevens, George Alexander.** b. London, Eng., 1720; d. 1784. — 1554.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis Balfour.** b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1850; d. Island of Samoa, 1894. — 106, 183, 258, 915, 1257, 1319, 2065.
- Stoddard, Richard Henry.** b. Hingham, Mass., 1825; . . . — 84, 128, 310, 741, 1101, 1539.
- Story, Joseph.** b. Marblehead, Mass., 1779; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1845. — 1377.
- Suckling, Sir John.** b. Whittington, Eng., 1608-9; d. Paris, France, 1641-2. — 467, 640, 1122.
- Swift, Jonathan.** b. Dublin, Ireland, 1667; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1745. — 719, 721, 903, 1005.
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles.** b. Holmwood, Eng., 1837; . . . — 1097.
- Taylor, Bayard.** b. Kennett Sq., Penn., 1825; d. Berlin, Ger., 1878. — 476, 1044, 1088, 1813, 1888, 2068.
- Taylor, Sir Henry.** b. Durham, Eng., 1800; d. 1886. — 449.
- Taylor, Jane.** b. London, Eng., 1783; d. Ongar, Essex-shire, 1824. — 1189.
- Tennyson, Alfred.** b. Somersby, Eng., 1810; d. 1892. — 151, 166, 172, 246, 292, 319, 325, 333, 338, 584, 606, 626, 630, 648, 661, 779, 820, 881, 900, 927, 953, 1032, 1040, 1093, 1117, 1128, 1293, 1374, 1387, 1461, 1462, 1607, 1699, 1711, 1771, 1786, 1826, 1876, 1902, 2131.
- Thaxter, Celia Leighton.** b. Portsmouth, N.H., 1835; d. 1894. — 1976.
- Thomas, Frederick Will-**
- iam.** b. Providence, R.I., 1811; d. 1866. — 10.
- Thomson, James.** b. Ednam, Scot., 1700; d. Kew, Eng., 1748. — 36, 339, 522, 622, 693, 752, 918, 951, 959, 1206, 1343, 1479, 1480, 1545, 1780, 1785, 1787, 1827, 1839, 1883, 1971, 2062.
- Tickell, Thomas.** b. near Carlisle, Eng., 1686; d. Bath, Eng., 1740. — 1560.
- Tobin, John.** b. Salisbury, Eng., 1770; d. 1804. — 427.
- Toplady, Augustus Montague.** b. Surrey, Eng., 1640; d. 1778. — 1523.
- Trumbull, John.** b. Lebanon, Conn., 1750; d. New York City, 1831. — 864.
- Tupper, Martin Farquhar.** b. London, Eng., 1810; d. 1889. — 1513, 1922.
- Tusser, Thomas.** b. Rivenhall, Eng., 1515-23; d. London, Eng., 1580. — 324.
- Usteri, Johann Martin.** b. Zurich, Switzerland, 1763; d. 1827. — 1898.
- Vaughan, Henry.** b. Brecknockshire, Wales, 1621; d. 1695. — 706, 1148, 1464, 1952.
- Wade, J. A.** b. 1800; d. 1875. — 1556.
- Waller, Edmund.** b. Coleshill, Eng., 1605; d. Beaconsfield, Eng., 1687. — 63, 81, 230, 852, 1657.
- Walton, Izaak.** b. Stafford, Eng., 1593; d. 1683. — 1457.
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- Watts, Isaac.** b. South Hampton, Eng., 1674; d. Theobalds, Eng., 1748. — 672, 882, 1223, 1559, 1570, 1737, 1972, 2021.
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- White, Henry Kirke.** b. Nottingham, Eng., 1785; d.

- Cambridge, Eng., 1806. — 268, 401.
- Whitman, Walt.** b. Long Island, N.Y., 1819; d. 1892. — 264.
- Whittier, John Greenleaf.** b. Haverhill, Mass., 1807; d. 1892. — 532, 637, 760, 772, 1149, 1177, 1252, 1355, 1376, 1966.
- Willis, Nathaniel Parker.** b. Portland, Me., 1807; d. Idlewild, N.Y., 1867. — 1135, 2048.
- Winter, William.** b. Gloucester, Mass., 1836; . . . — 76.
- Wither, George.** b. Brentworth, Eng., 1588; d. London, Eng., 1667. — 270, 2076.
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